

THE
OBSTINATE LADY:

A New Comedy

Never formerly Published:

The Scene LONDON.

Written by Sir ASTON COCKAYN.



LONDON,

Printed by W. Godbid for Isaac Pridmore, and are to
be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the Falcon beyond the
New Exchange in the Strand, 1-6 57.

Dramatis Personæ.

POLIDACRE	An old Lord.
PHYLANDER	His Son.
CARIONIL	A young Lord: A counterfeit Negro, called <i>Tucapelo</i> .
FALORUS	His Friend.
LORECE	A fantastick Gallant, his Brother.
PHYGINOIS	Call'd <i>Draculemion</i> .
JAQUES	An old simple Serving-man.
<i>Servantes.</i>	
ROSINDA	<i>Polidacre's</i> Wife, call'd <i>Tandorix</i> .
LUCORA	The Obstinate Lady, her Daughter.
CLEANTHE	Her Sister, call'd <i>Anaclethe</i> .
VANDONA	A young rich Widow.
ANTIPHILA	A fine young Lady.
NENTIS	<i>Lucora's</i> Woman, <i>Vandona's</i> Sister.

The Scene *LONDON*.



The Prologue.

(this place)
B *Rare Crown of Gallants ! Welcome, May*
Meet expectation, you afford us grace :
We joy that such a multitude divine
Of Planets in our little Sphears do shine :
And that besides our Horizon is stuck
With lesser lights, we do esteem 't good luck.
For this great favour, may each severall Scene
Affect you more then Hebe's Nectar Heaven :
We can but wish 't ; For if y' are come to day
In expectation of a faultless Play
Writ by learn'd Johnson, or some able Pen
Fam'd and approv'd of by the World, you then
Are disappointed. Our Poet had never yet
Hisses condemn'd, or hands commend his wit.
'Troth Gentlemen, we know that now adayes
Some come to take up Wenches at our Playes ;
It is not in our power to please their sence,
We wish they may go discontented hence.

The Prologue.


And many Gallants do come hither, we think
To sleep and to digest there too much drink :
We may please them ; for we will not molest
With Drums and Trumpets any of their rest.
If perfum'd Wantons do for eighteen pence,
Expect an Angel, and alone go hence ;
We shall be glad with all our hearts : for we
Had rather have their Room then Companie ;
For many an honest Gentleman is gon
Away for want of place, as looke you on !
We guesse some of you Ladies, hither come
To meet your Servants, who are at dice at home :
You'll be deceiv'd, and therefore will dispraise
And say, This is the worst of all the Playes
You ever saw : But keep your censures (pray)
Untill you meet them here another day ;
Our Poet is not confident, nor doth (both :
Distrust his work, but labours 'twixt them
He hopes it will be lik'd, and well ; if not,
'T can be but hiss'd at worst, and soon forgot.



The Obstinate Lady.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter *Carionil* and *Falorus*.

Fal.  He has outgone my beleeif by't.
I did not think that Project would
have fail'd:
I cannot speak her.
Car. The *Alpian* Snow is not more
cold.

Fal. Her disposition is most strange.

Car. 'Twere easier far

To spurn the foultry *Cyclops* Anvil down,
And kick it thus, int' atomes in the air,
Than to obtain her love:

It were (my dear *Falorus*.)

Fal. O think not so (*Carionil*)

Car. Have I not cause?

Fal. At last after a conitant and a brave pursuit, she may
be won.

Car. Could I but hope so much,
Did all the storms, malignant influences,
Threaten Fate opposite to my happiness,
I would not deem them worthy my observance,
But persevere till I obtain'd, or felt.

Fal. Conjecture still the best.

Car. 'Tis easier, to advise than to perform;
Had you *Falorus* been so oft dismiss'd
Comfortless, scornfully sent away
By her own lips. O Heavens! you could not think it.

Fal. I could and wood,

The Obstinate Lady.

Car. With hope, Friend ?

Fal. Yes, with an assurance :

Car. Upon what ground would you build it ?

Fal. On a womans frequent dissimulation,
Can you beleeve when envious clouds deprive
Your eys from the Sun-beams, that it shines not ?
In these times young Ladies for a while
Do mantle their affections in dislike :
Let not anignorance of virgins wiles
Disturb your noble breast with weak despair :
Carionil, assume a confidence :
Were you inferiour unto her in bloud,
Or any whit deform'd, after her Nays,
You might suspect the period, but seeing
'Tis known, as noble bloud runs in your veins,
And that Nature compos'd you in a mould
As excellent as she was form'd in, and
With substance of as beauteous a gloss,
You need not let doubts puzzle you.

Enter above *Lucora* and *Nentis*.

Car. Stay and admire with me : exalt your eys to happiness.

Fal. Your Mistris and her woman, my *Carionil*.

Car. *Lucora*, she's a Transcendent of Epitheres.

Fal. I see a Lute : let us escape their sight,
And it is likely we shall hear her sing.

Luc. Now give it me. Is it in tune ?

Nent. Yes, Madam.

Car. Forbear a while to play upon the Spheres :
Ye servants to the Deities : the Gods
Will blame you, if your Musick keep the Air
Of her all ravishing harmony from their ears.

A SONG.

Sweet Diana, virtuous Queen,
By Heavens Edict, guide of Night,
That dost affect the Meadows green,
And dost in fresh-leaf'd woods delight ;
Like to thy Nymphs suffer me
To consecrate my self to thee.

The Obstinate Lady.

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2. *Thou that for lust didst transform,
Rapt Acteon to a Hart,
Either most strongly Maiden: charm,
That men may never them divert
From purity; or else make
Them other Harts for Virgins sake.*

Car. How! A Votress to *Diana*,
The Heavens forbid that injury to Earth:
Had the deceitfull Syrens such a voice,
And bodies of so rare a form, I would
Ne'r come a Shipboard, for fear of being drawn
To drown my self, by swimming after them,

Nent. I do not like her, Madam.

Luc. Who ever yet spoke ill of *Daphne*? *Fie*,
Banish such impious censures from you.

Nent. Troth Madam, I should have been glad to h'been
my Lady *Apollo*.

Luc. Orelish more of purity, *Nentis.* Alas, 'tis a frail
comfort can come with a Husband.

Nent. I think otherwise indeed, Madam.

Luc. Be all such thoughts remote from my breast,
My resolution shall never stand to marry. *Exeunt.*

Car. You now have heard her thoughts, *Falernus.*

Fal. That she disguises not a love, you mean.

Car. True: and I am molt miserable.

Fal. My happy Friend you will be.

'Tis an ignorant common custome among young ones to
do so.

Car. But she's a fixed Star and cannot move.

Fal. Fix'd in your heart 'tis likely,
But otherwise I doubt, nor do you.

Car. Y'ave stirr'd a feeble beleef within me Friend,
That th' excellent *Lucora* may be won,
And I will nourish it unto some heighth.

Fal. A necessary that none must want which do
Desire fruition of those whom they woo.

Enter Jaques.

Car. O honest *Jaques*!

Jaq. My Lady presents her service to your Lordship.

Car. She is in health, I hope.

The Obstinate Lady.

Jaq. Very well. And I am glad to see your Honour so, though I say it.

Car. She is not towards another Husband yet.

Jaq. No certainly.

Car. Me thinks her Fortunes should give her a various choice. You are elsewhere imploy'd, I perceive: Remember my best respects unto your Lady. *Exit Jaques.*
Y'ave heard of my Cousin *Vandona, Falornus?*

Fal. But very little.

Car. She's the most fantastick piece of woman-kinde I ere chang'd breath with. But a young one, wealthy, and truly not unhandsome.

Fal. *Lorece* does make love to her.

Car. Your Brother, my *Falornus?*

Fal. Yes, so he told me.

Car. May he obtain her, if you wish'd?

Fal. Her Estate would make the Match a good one.

Enter Cleanthe.

Is this the Boy you so commended to me?

Car. 'Tis he, and think you him worthy the praise I gave him?

Cle. He'll come and wait upon you at night my Lord.

Car. 'Tis well *Anclethe.*

Fal. You spoke him not unto his merits.

Car. You are beholding to my Friend, *Anclethe.*

Enter Tanderix.

Fal. Your Lord's in health.

Tand. And desires to speak with your Lordship.

Fal. Where may I finde him?

Tand. He'll be at his Lodgings these two hours.

Fal. Ile wait upon him presently.

I am his Servant.

Exit Tanderix.

Carionil, I must take my leave.

Car. The Gods go with you. He may be my Father in Law, but will not, if he can prevent it. Adieu Friend.

Exit Falornus.

Car. O my *Anclethe!* Thou can't not guess the world of torments I nourish here. I cannot number them my self, and because I cannot, I fear the Gods will not.

Clean.

The Obstinate Lady.

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Clean. What can you ail my Lord ?

Car. Canst thou imagine me free from misery ?

Clean. Indeed I did.

Car. No : There's a Lady (she's above all Ladies,
And were she pitifull, I would swear, a Goddess)
That does deny me happiness.

As thou hast me, *Idalian* Archer, so
On her use thy eternal stringed bow ;
Draw to the Head thy Shaft, and let it fly,
For love, but love, there is no remedy,

Exit Carionil.

Clean. Wretched *Cleanthe* ! To what a multitude
Of wofull sighs my Destinies have drawn me ;
Could all the tears that I abundantly have wept
But finde that recompense I dare not look for,
O they were Showers to be beloved, like those
That deck the Spring with bravery : *Carionil*
(For whom I languish in disguise) it seems
Hath settled his affections on a Lady,
Does not return him love. May she continue
Obstinate ever. But I must blame her judgment :
Who can behold a man, (with all the Art
Of Nature) fram'd to curiosity,
And hear the world report his virtues equal
Unto his form, and not admire and love him ?

Enter Lorece.

Lor. Now my young sweet-face ! what pretty foolish
whimziestrouble thy pate, that thou look'st so compo-
sedly ?

Clean. Sir, I am as I use to be.

Lor. Then you use to be scurvy. Use the Tavern once
or twice a day. You must not be so maidenly.

Clean. It best becomes me.

Lor. Canst thou swear ?

Clean. The Gods forbid.

Lor. Canst thou sing ?

Clean. Not worth your hearing.

Lor. Say'st thou so ! Then I will some things worth
thine.

The Obstinate Lady.

1. Of Six shillings Bear, I care not to hear; a Barrel's not worth a Carret;
I as others think, that there is no drink like unto Sack,
White-wine and Claret.
2. *Diana's* a Fool, and me shal not rule, to live a Batchelor ever;
For I mean not to tarry in her Livery, but marry; And quickly beleve me, or never.
3. And I and my Wife would lead such a life as she should think well befell her;
For throughout the yeer we'll tippie *March-Beer*, and seldom be out of the Cellar.
4. All Stoical prate, and *Diana* I hate, with her maidenly scurvy advises:
Green-sickness upon her, sweet *Venus* I honor; for Wenches and Wine are not vices.
5. 'Wood *Bacchus* (the Knave) had met with this brave *Diana*, this whey-blooded Lady;
For the credit o' th' Grape, he had made a Rape, and got a puissant Baby.

Cle. You are not melancholy Sir,

Your Brother is more solemn.

Lor. I melancholy! I scorn it Boy.

And yet I'm not so merry as I was wont, The young
Gunner Mr. *Cupid* hath somewhat tam'd me: But I'm
good metal (thank my Jovial Fares) and will found me-
lodiously, my young *Paris*. *Enter Jaques.*

Welcome to *Hercules*, noble *Theseus*. Good Boy go
wait on thy Master. *Exit Cleante.*

How dost thou, Old Magazine of precious Knavery?

Jaqu. I'm glad to see your Worship well.

Lor. My noble Milner of words, Thou that dost grind
thy speeches with a merry pronunciation; wilt' be my
Bosome, my Cabiner, my Friend, *Jaques*?

Jaqu. I will obey your good Worship.

Lor. Liberally spoken! When I have open'd me, will
you be privy?

Jaqu. Very secret and officious: It is good manners in
me: Your Command shall wedge my Tongue, hedge my
Heart,

Heart, and tie a True-Lovers-knot upon it, with the strings of it.

Lor. Thou art an honest Clod of Earth, *Jaques.* 'Tis great pity the malicious Sun-shine warm'd thee not into a Diamond.

Jaqu. Your Worship speaks above my brains.

Lor. I am marvellously enamoured on your Lady, *Jaques.* *Vandona* is my Mistress.

Jaqu. Wonderful news! Is my Lady your Worships Sweet-heart?

Lor. Yes. But ignorant of my affection yer.

Jaqu. I would be drunk, were you my Matter, Sir.

Lor. I would have a Wine-cellar o'th' purpose. My estate *Jaques* is but mean, it must be Craft must get her. Know't thou any possible way to win her?

Jaqu. Sir, I am passing empty of Invention, but wherein I can pleasure you, tell me at any time, and I will not fail you. But the gods bless your good Worship, Sir, Would you marry her?

Lor. Yes, my old trusty *Pyrrhous*, Why dost wonder at it?

Jaqu. She do's nothing all day but read little Comedies, and every night spends two or three hours on a great Tragedy of a merry Fellow *Dametas*, and a company of strange-nam'd learned Lovers. She's no more Housewife then you or I Sir, on my own proper knowledge I swear vow and protest.

Lor. Thou art too earnest, my old fac'd *Saturne*, I think her not the worse Woman: Housewifry is the Superficies of a gentle Female, and the Parenthesis of a Lady, which may well be left out.

Jaqu. You are a Scholar, your Bookship shall direct me.

Enter Phygonis.

Lor. Who's that? Know't him *Jaques*? A walks co-
rantly, and looks big.

Jaqu. And like your Worship, This Tide first brought him to my eyes.

Lor. He came not by Water, Did he old Boy?

Jaqu. I meant Time Sir, the *London* word.

Phyg. When we this passion into us receive,

Our former pleasures we do loath and abandon:
If it were foolishness for us to take Affection, Why did
Heaven two Sexes compose? Why Period to the *Phoenix*
doth Fire give? But because it doth against Nature con-
sist. He one and the same resolved, to prefer my life to be
a service unto her.

Lor. What an affected utterance hath this Fellow!

Jaq. He'll ne'r make good Ballad, warrant him.

Lor. The Carattrophe was in time though. He woud
be liked for a Stage-Poet.

Phy. Noble Heroes! The gods extend your Fortunes
to your thoughts.

Lor. An Academical Idiom. Enquire his Name *Jaques*.
H' delivers his mind after the garb of a Signior.

Jaq. Have you a name, Fr. *Phy.* I answer to *Dracumelion*.

Jaq. Good Sir let's trudge hence: This is some great
Conjuror.

Lor. Are you a Negromancer?

Jaq. Mr. *Lorece*, I fear he is some *Sarazin*, he looks so
dismal.

Lor. Art thou a *Panym*? Speak.

Jaq. For all your great looks, *Termegantis* an Idol.

Phy. I am nor one nor other, but your Honors vassal,
and a poor *English-man*: Will't please you to hear the
Musick of Helicon?

Jaq. Law you now Sir, how won may be deceiv'd! I
beleeve the Whorson is a Fidler. Can you sing *Sirra*?
Answer me.

Phy. I am no Fidler, but live by my Tongue and
Legs. Will you hear me (noble Sir) speak a *Parnassi*,
an Oration, or see me measure the ground with a Dance?

Lor. What say you, *Jaques*?

Jaq. Why Sir, now 'tis Dinner time with my Lady,
and I dare not neglect her, neither wil I my own stomach,
and therefore (for me) he may show us a fair pair of heels
and be gone.

Lor. Well then——Spend this for me.

Phy. Y'are Sir the best part of a *Mornalist*: You are
most liberal.

Lor. Come *Jaques*.

Jaq. I follow you Sir. Farewel Goodman *Praculemon*.
The gods bless me, there's a name.

Exeunt.

Phy. Proceed *Phyginiois*, and be fortunate. This pro-
fect

The Obstinate Lady.

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jest will furnish me with money to clothe me, both fashionably, and rich enough; and then I'll assail my *Nentis* with some confidence: Politick Lovers seldome miss.

*Smile Heaven upon my plot, that there may be
A crowned Period to my Policie.*

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Polydacre* and *Falorus*.

Pol. How do you like *Lucora*?

Fal. She's a Lady above my thoughts, much more my tongue.

Pol. Could you not wish her yours? I have a desire to make her so.

Fal. *Ambrosia, Hebes, Cates*, are for the gods. Princes she doth deserve to woo her love, You undervalue her, my Lord.

Pol. The best is not too good for him that gets her: Your breeding hath been worthy your descent; I've known you from your Infancy, and am desirous to make you mine.

Fal. He enforceth me to an acceptance. I must temporize with him. Most worthy *Polydacre*, I cannot attain to a greater happiness on earth than the name of your Son in Law.

Pol. I thank thee my *Falorus*. He go presently and get my Daughters consent. As you shall not want Beauty with her, so you shall not Money. He take my leave.

Fal. I'm your most humble Servant. Exit. *Polydacre*. What envious Star when I was born divin'd this adverse Fate! Who having such a Beauty proffer'd him, would refuse it? The pin'd man, whom Poets fantasies have plac'd in Hell with fruit before him, had not such a cross. The true regard I bear unto my Friend, To brave *Carionil*, must not be slighted.

The sacred truth of Friendship ever shou'd
By force enfeeble all rebellious blood.

Enter *Carionil*.

Well met my deer *Carionil*.

Car. I'm happy in your company: Y're my hearts best Treasury, *Falorus*.

C

Enter

Enter *Lucora* and *Nentis*.

But give me leave, my Friend.

Fal. O! I see the cause; your Mistress. *Car.* Retire ye Clouds, and weep our showers of woe, because ye may no longer stand and gaze On her, for whom the Heavens their Circuits goe, That they may see and wonder at thy face. *Deer Falorus*, withdraw your self awhile.

Fal. The Gods assist your Suit.*Car.* Thanks, worthy Friend.

[He withdraws.]

Hail, Natures most perfect work, and the continual Idea of my admiring Soul, for whom (if 't be your will) I must die, and by whom (if it is your dear pleasure) I shall live, live in an unspeakable felicity by enjoying you, die happily for wanting you, I cannot live in such a penury.

Nent. Would I had su h a Servant: I should not serve him scurvily.

Car. Honor your poor adorer, Lady, with a gracious look of your beloved eyes, and my misery for you, both with commiseration and remedy.

Lucor. My Lord, if you presume upon a Womans feign'd carriage to her Wooers, leave it now. For (if you'll give me leave) Ile cal to witness every particular Deity we adore: That I will never have a Husband; and for your saying you must die for me, I hold it a common complement of idle Lovers, and wish you so much happinaess that you may live well without me.

Car. O be not so unmerciful! Let not that Tongue err into virulent words, which could have call'd *Euridice* from Hell. Had your most excellent Mother (fairest Lady) inexorable been, you had not been: Nor Crimson roses ever spread upon your lovely cheeks, nor had the World discovered two Planets more. Hath Nature liberally heaped the rarest perfections she could give Mortality, upon you, to no end? No surely; nor can I beleve that she meant to inclose a Mind infrastable within a Body so powerful to subdue. As you (even your dear self) was Daughter to a beauteous Mother, so you also should indebt the World unto you by your Issue. Be not so cruel therefore (dear *Lucora*) Let not your Tongue degenerate from your Form.

Lucor. Sir, You have heard me speak what I intend.*Car.* Be not a Tigress, Lady.*Lucor.* Any thing but a Wife.

Sir, I must leave you, and leave you this humour. The Court hath many Ladies, Take your choice. *Nentis.*

Nen. Madam.*Lucor.* Come. My Lord take my counsel.*Nen.* I could use him kindlier.*Car.* What say you, Lady?*Nen.* Nothing, my Lord.*Exeunt Luc. Nen.*

Car. Doth a fair face presage a cruel heart! Is't not a meer full contrary in Nature, That the soft'st body should be the hardest to win? Nature is grown decrepit, and all things sublunary erre against the rule of her order. Stir not thou glorious fabrick of the Heavens, And periodize the Musick of the Spheres. Thou even yet fast fixed globe of Earth, Whirle round in a perpetual motion. Ye Stars and Moon that beautifie the Night, change rule with cleer *Hyperion*, and so cast succeeding time into another mould. Then with thy powerful beams *Apollo* draw the Ocean into clouds, and drown the world.

So there a new Creation may besal, And this life be a life celestial.

Enter

The Obstinate Lady.

II

Enter Falorus.

O all my happiness on Earth, my true *Falorus* ! *Lucora*'s beauty triumphs in my breast, and shortly will destroy me. There's no beast that haunts the vast *Arabian* wilderness, of such a merciless constitution. She'll never marry man.

Fal. She will *Carionil*. Her Father wou'd have her, and she has not so much evil as to contradict his will. Where then can she make such a choice as you ? That in a Duel your Grandfather did kill hers, Y'ave heard her oft protest she values not.

Car. Do's he desire it, or do's your love flatter me into a little possibility of obtaining her ? Alas, if she cou'd like me, her Father would very difficultly consent. He loves not my Family.

Fal. *Polydore* could not hinder you, were she willing. But Friend, her Father means to marry her, his owne lips offer'd her to me.

Car. O ye just heavenly Powers ! Then I am lost, sunk into misery, beneath a spark of this lifes happiness. *Falorus*, You shall not have her.

Fal. I would not wrong my noble Friend so much.

Car. A puff of wind, and gone. For her, who would not doe all Mankind an injury, and out-act in horrid deed all those that ere profess licentious atheisme ? Unsheathe your sword, I will not take that life safely away which next unto *Lucora*'s I esteem. Yet stay.

Fal. He's frantick ! Withdraw this phrensie, O ye gods.

Car. You are my Friend.

Fal. I have been so accounted of by you.

Car. Let me consult it our.

Shall one word, nay (which is less) one syllable [*Friend*] extract
Out of me all the interest that I have to *Lucora*, by affecting her ?
But this is a false *Medium* : a true Friend
Exceeds all syllables and words at height.
A man may, nay he should poize equally
His love, and part unto his Friend the justice of it,
Which is the full half ; so that it appears
They should be lov'd by's as we love our selves.
But to a Mistress, who would not give more ?
Who can choose but give more ? The love that we
Bear a Friend, it is an accident, a meer one.
But 'tis our Nature to affect a Woman.
And 'tis a glory to preserve a Mistress
Entire to ones self without Competitors.
My reason's satisfied : No friendship can
Keep in the sword of any rivall'd man.

Fal. Collect your self, *Carionil*.

Car. You'll fight with me ?

Fal. I do not wear a weapon for such a quarrel.

Car. What, more affliction yet ! 'tis against Manhood, a most ignoble murder, to take his life who makes no opposition, and yet if death prevent him not, she will be his. Sad Fares ! You shall not have *Lucora*.

Fal. You wrong our amity by this suspicion. I swear I will not.

Car. How !

The Obstinate Lady.

Fal. Consider (dear *Carionil*) I grieve to see my Friend so over-passionate. It is a weakness in you to be a pitied one.

Car. My Love o'rsway'd my Reason: Pardon me, my best *Falorus*. I believe your virtue would not act such an injury against your own *Carionil*.

Fal. Shall we walk, and Ile tell you all that pass'd 'Twixt me and *Polydacre*?

Car. I am a thousand ways obliged Yours.

Fal. You are my *Carionil*: I wish no more from you, than a perpetuity of love, that our hearts may never be unt'y'd.

Car. You are too worthy for my Friendship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Antiphila* sola, reading.

Fair *Antiphila* hath hair
Would grace the *Paphian* Queen to wear,
Fit to tune Heavens Lute withall
When the gods for musick call;
Fit to make a veil to hide
Aurora's blush each morning tide;
Fit to compose a crafty gin
To take the hearts of Lookers in;
Able to make the stubborn kind,
And (who dislike it) t'be judg'd blind:
Though it is fine, and soft, it ties
My heart, that it in fetters lies.

It is a neat I know not what. I have not Poetry enough in me to give it a name. These Lovers are the prettiest Fools (I think) in the world. And 'twere not for them, I cannot tell what we women should do. We desire nothing more than to be prais'd, and their love to us will doe it beyond our wishes. I gave *Phylander* upon his long importunity a lock of hair, and see into a what a vein it has put him. I'm sorry he had it not a week sooner, I shou'd then perhaps ha' had a Sonnet-book ere this. 'Tis pity wir should lie obscurely within any, that a lock wil give it vent. I love him not. I shou'd rather choose his Father, who is as earnest a Sutor to me as he: Yet I know, because of his age, very few Ladies would be of my mind: But as yet I care for neither of them,

Enter

The Obstinate Lady.

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Enter *Phylander*.

Now I must expect an assault. 'Tis in's ear already. He's very fine. *Phyl.* My dear *Antiphila*, you have receiv'd.

Ant. Your Verses (Sir) I have.

Phyl. I am your true Adorer for them, Lady,
Wou'd your white hand had done me the honour it did them. *Antiph.* In what, Sir? You must explain.

Phyl. That a touch of your white Skin might have ravish'd me into happiness.

Antiph. The lock has altered your discourse. Wou'd it could have shut your mouth.

Phyl. There is no need of that (excellent *Antiphila*)
I wou'd rather deprive my self of my tongue, than that any word of mine should be offensive unto you.

Antiph. You relish too much of the Court.

Phyl. Polite words can never misbecome a Speaker,
who hath such a subject.

Antiph. Am I your subject? You have call'd me Mistris.

Phyl. You are my Saint, Lady, and I must pray to you.

Antiph. Saints hear no prayers; some say.

Phyl. I am a Petitioner.

Antiph. Have you any more Papers?

Phyl. My mouth shall speak my own Errand.

Antiph. He will not be kept from it else. You must pardon me Sir. I must leave you. *Exit Antiphila.*

Phyl. She yet is obstinate: but I am free
From doubt, she will continue in that way.
There is no cause of fear for womens Nays,
For none of that Sex means the thing she says.

Enter *Rosinda*.

Now *Tandorix* where's my Father?

Ros. Faith, I know not, Sir. *Phyl.* You are one of
the melancholiest Servants he keeps. *Ros.* It pleases
you to say so, Sir. *Phyl.* They all report so of you.

Ros. I cannot tell, Sir. *Phyl.* Y' are over-lonely,
Be merrier. You shou'd put yourself into more company:
you should *Tandorix*. I respect you for my Mothers sake,
for whose last sad Letter you was entertained here.

Ros. I thank you, Sir, for your kindness.

Phyl. Farewell, *Tandorix*.

Exit.

Ros.

Ros. My Son perceives my sadness, but the cause
Deserves it fully. 'Tis now above a year
Since I did write, that I did drown my self,
And bare the Paper to my Hu-band, when
I thought his memory was something lost,
And I enur'd unto this habit, drawn
To 't by a fond desire to know, if he
Would keep his promise to me, which with Oaths
He oft hath made, that never (if he should
Survive me) he would take another Wife,
But he (as other men) esteems no more
Of Perjury, than common breath. 'Twere fit
That Husbands Vows upon the Sands were writ. *Exit.*
Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Enter Lorece and Jaques.

Lor. I am beholding to thee *Jaques.*

Jaq. I will be dutifull to your Worship.

Lor. I should be glad to cope with your Lady now. Me
thinks I am of a prompter expression than usual. Lovers
and the Muses are Cater-cosins.

Enter Vandona.

My Vandona, Jaques!

Jaq. I must vanish like a mist. *Exit.*

Lor. Farewell, grave *Titan.*

He out with a poetical Soliloquy in her hearing for my
Præludium.

The gaudy Starres are not more full of glee,
When golden *Phæbus* setteth in the West:
Nor do the chearfull Birds with more delight
Rejoyce at the new Livery of the Spring,
Than I, to have this Miracle of Beauty
Enter within the knowledg of mine eys.

Vand. He speaks well. I wou'd he meant earnest. The
Gentleman seems very deserving, but he's something wild.

Lor. She shall be very stoutly accosted. Impudency is
a very happy quality in a Wooer.

Van. H' comes.

Lor.

Lor. Lady, you are not a Puny in the Court of *Cupid*, and therefore (I hope) need not the tedious circumstances of an annual service. I am bold to tell you plainly, I love you, and (if I finde occasion) I will maintain it boldly. *Van.* I pray (Mr. *Lorece*) desist.

Lor. Never, my sweet *Vandona*. My Descent (I know) you doubt not, and my affection you need not. Whilest I live, I will love you, and (if you die) your memory.

Van. I shall be catch'd. We Widows are glasse-metall, soon broke.

Lor. I can do no more, Lady, and I will do no less.

Van. Your habit, carriage, and discourse, Sir, shew you a Traveller.

Lor. My boldness, she means. Sweetest *Vandona*, I have been one. The habits, conditions, and situations of many great Kingdoms, I have exactly gathered into my Table-Books; and also my Fortnights observation of the *Antipodes*.

Van. O strange! Have you been there? I wonder how you came thither?

Lor. I will tell you, Lady. When I was bound thither, I was in *Asia* at *Tlaxcallan*, there we took Ship, and in a pair of Oars sailed to *Madrid*, the Catholick King's Court; from thence to *Naples*; in *Savoy*, from *Naples* to *Crema*, and thence to *Alexandria*, where against a Tree we suffered shipwrack. Into a new *Phalake* we therefore got us, which was rigg'd for *Frankfort*, where shortly after we arriv'd, victuall'd our Gondalo, and threw away our fresh water.

Van. 'Tis a great way thither.

Lor. Thence we went to *Lisbon*, and after to *Mantua*, and the next morning we came to the *Antipodes*, at twilight in the after-noon.

Van. What sights saw you there, Sir?

Lor. So many sights, (dear Lady) that they almost made me blinde.

Van. Relate a few.

Lor. First, (Lady) the King is no man.

Van. I beleieve you, Sir. For never could it enter into my minde, that any man inhabited there,

Lor.

Lor. There they have no Houses but the Emperours Palace, where Sir *Francis Drake* was entertain'd, after he had shot the *Pyreanean Gulf* upon the *Mediterranean Mount* in *Russia*. *Van.* Where then lies all the Court, I wonder?

Lor. In the Court, *Mistris*.

Van. I guess 'em but cold Lodgings.

Lor. Your Ladiship is mistook: they are never a cold. For the Sun being never above an hundred Degrees above *Saturn*, makes that Climate as hot as *Norway*. They at the *Antipodes*, hear with their Noses, smell with their Ears, see by feeling, but taste with all their Senses: for they are the most insatiable Gluttons under the Cope: and feel not any thing: for they cannot be hurt.

Van. This is wonderfull. And I cannot imagine how their Senses can be so contrary to ours.

Lor. No! Did you never hear (excellent *Vandona*) that they are oppositè to us? *Van.* O yes! I have indeed.

Lor. I will now tell you, Madam, somewhat of the South-Indies.

Van. Has not the *Mogul* of *Persia* his Bread thence?

Lor. The King of *Spain* hath his Gold there, of which the *Hollanders* took a great Prize, when they won the Silver-Fleet. *Van.* How was I mistook!

Lor. I will give you the situation of the Countrey. Some of the ancient *Geographers*, as *Heliodorus*, the Knight o' th' Sun, *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Palmerin d' Oliva*, affirm it to lie a thousand Italian Miles from *Istmos* at *Corinth*; but some modern Writers, as *Don Quixote*, *Parismus*, *Montelion*, and *Merlin*, say, it is a *Peninsula* in *Arabia felix*, where the *Phanix* is: but learned *Hollingshed* affirms, the South-Indies are separated from *Armenia* by the *Calydonian Forrest*, from *Asia minor* by the *Venetian Gulf*, and from *China* by a great Brick-wall. There (in stead of Cherry-Stones) Children play with Pearls. And (for Glasse) the Windows are of broad Diamonds. Hunters there have no Horns but the Unicorns. No Water runs there but *Aganippe*, *Hypocrene*, *Scamander*, and *Simois*. There are no Hills but *Olympus*, *Ida*, and *Parnassus*. No Valley, but *Tempe*. No men, but of the off-spring of *Scipio African*, *Julius Cesar*, *Alexander the great*, *Hector*, *Hannibal*, and *Hercules*.

Vand.

Van. It is a pleasant Countrey then; and nobly peopled.

Lor. I will now tell you the conditions of our neighbour Nations. The *Spaniards* are humble. The *Italians* chaste. The *French* peacefull. The *Dutch* sober. And the *Irish* cleanly. I came at last to *Virginia*, where I saw nothing more worthy mention; than an honest Woman who cast her self into the Sea, because nobody would lie with her. In conclusion, at *James Town Port* I took Horse, and the next morning after a long and tedious journey arrived in *Wales*.

Van. And what did you there, Mr. *Lorece*?

Lor. As soon as I could I went to *Merlin's Cave*, which is obscurely situated on the top of a Beech, where a little night he lay on the ground.

Van. What was he, Sir?

Lor. He was an intricate Prognosticator of firmamental Eclipses, and vaticinated future occurrents by the mysterious influences of the sublime Starres, and vagabundical Planets, generated he was by the inhumane Conjunction of an *Incubus*, and was immur'd alive in a Cave, by the pre eminent Magick of the Lady of the Lake.

Van. You frequent Plays, Do you not?

Lor. They are most commonly my after-noon's employment. *Van.* I like him the better for it. *Aside.* And you have read many Histories?

Lor. Many, Lady, I am a Worm in a Book, I go through 'hem. *Van.* This pleases me too. *Aside.*

Farewell, Sir.

Lor. Admired *Phyloclea*, leave me not so.

Van. What would you have?

Lor. Your consent, Lady.

Van. Expect that a moneth or two hence.

Lor. Dear *Vandona*, sweet Mistress!

Van. Indeed you must. *Lor.* Na, sweet *Oxiana*.

Van. You are too importunate.

Lor. Excellent *Claridiana*, *Polinarda*, *Laurana*, *Bradamant*. Exit *Vandona*.

It makes no matter! I am sure to have her. How Some Women are taken with strange tales? Next time we meet, I do not doubt to get her.

Hercules could not woo a Lady better. *Enter Jaques.*
 Now my old *Anchises*! How dost True-Penny? Be mer-
 ry *Jaques.* *Jaq.* Is she tender-hearted?

Lor. Respectfull, and pliant.

Jaq. Good truth, I am glad on't, Sir. My Lady (though I say it) is of a very good nature. My minde always ga' me, that she wou'd be coming on, I beseech your Worship to be a loving Matter to me.

Lor. Thou shalt finde me so.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cleamthe sola.

Cle. Imperious love (that hare'st whom thou wound'st,
 And lov'st those best thou dost let alone)
 If my obsequious duty unto thee
 Can move thee to commiseration,
 Instruct me how to win him, and (when I
 Disclose my self) assist a wretched Woman:
 For it is in thy power to work my blifs.
 He dotes upon a Lady that regards
 None of those miseries he undergoes
 By languishing for her. With one fair stroke
 Thy ignominy redeem; Thou art call'd blinde,
 Because (how thou dost shoo'r) thou dost not minde,
 But what avails it me thus to implore,
 Or rather to reiterate those deep wishes,
 Millions of hours can witness I have said?
 And yet finde no help? Ah dear, and ever
 Most lov'd *Carionil*, wouldst thou wert so
 Strongly inflam'd as I, or didst conceive,
 Truly didst know what misery lies here!
 I think, (though thou hadst suck'd a ravenous Wolf)
 It would o'ecome thy nature, and thereby
 Transform my sorrow to felicity.

Enter Carionil.

Car. I cannot hope the Letter that I writ to my *Lucora*,
 can finde that acceptance, and bring so good success I wish
 it may. Sure never man so passionately ador'd a Lady of
 so froward a disposition, If I could know the cause she is
 unkinde,

unkinde, I would destroy it, nor destroy my self. *Aside.*
Art thou there my Boy? Alas! why dost thou weep?
What are those tears for, thou dost wipe away.

Clean. To see the sorrow you are always in, and not to know wherefore. Though I (Sir) am both young and little, I both dare and would venture my life to do you any service, that may redeem your happy days again.

Car. Alas, poor Boy! It is past thy redress: yet I do thank thee for thy love unto me.

Enter Rosinda.

Clean. My Lord! a Servant of my Lord Polydaces.

Car. Tandorix! what news?

Ros. The Lady *Lucora* commanded me to deliver this Paper to you.

Car. 'Tis most welcome, Would my heart could reade it. *Ros.* I wish he had my Daughter: for he's a most noble Gentleman.

Aside.
My Lord, command you me any service?

Car. Onely my dear respects unto the Lady that sent you. *Ros.* Farewell *Anclithe.* *Exit Rosinda.*

The Letter. *Car.* Sir, I am sorry that (against my use) I cannot answer you more civilly. But I am blameless. The fault being in your foolish passion, and not my desire. If in fairer terms you should receive my Reply, I am sure you would think it some beginning of love to you. According to your desire, I have none, and I wish your love was such as mine: So we might be Friends. Yet I love you as a Gentleman of my acquaintance; but if any more you trouble me, either with Letters or courting, I will hate you. So I end,

Her own, *LUCORA.*

Her own *Lucora*! I cannot now conceive this Lady of a humane nature. Sure a Woman cannot have so harsh a minde. So end! What will she end so always? O then that I might end even now; that all the sorrow that possesseth my whole body in every member, would mutiny against my heart, that so I might die speedily. Is't not miraculously strange, that this poor Microcosm, this little body should contain all the sorrow this great world can inflict upon it, and not sink beneath so huge a burthen? One Hill does overcome the struggling of *Enceladus*, a giant,

and yet I stand, I live. What am I of *Lucora's* temper,
Impregnable? Oh, oh, oh!

Clean. Alas, my Master! Good my Lord, collect
Your strength, and be not thus effeminate.

Car. I'm manly, Boy: For Women cannot tell
What thing affliction is; their stony hearts
Relent so little at it in their Lovers.

O! I shall never have her! Now I give
Liberty to a just despair to wrack me:

And it must ever do so. What a *Chaos*
Of misery, is an unfortunate Lover?

Clean. I pray you (Sir) put off this vehemency of Pas-
sion. She will relent.

Car. Never whilst I live.

Clean. She will indeed, I know she will.

Car. Wou'd she would love me after I am dead for her.
It were some happiness to think that, *Anaclethe.*

Clean. I doubt not she will shortly be yours, (my Lord)
And weep for joy to hear me make relation
Of this same violent passion you are in now.

Car. Thou art a good Boy: but this Lady, O my heart!
Could sitting down in *Cassiopeia's* Chair,
And kicking proud *Arctophilax* from the Skie,
Could stopping the Septentrian sevenfold Team,
And putting out the starry Eagles eyes,
Could swimming violently up those Rocks
From which the *Memphian Nilus* tumbles down,
Could the compelling of rash *Phaeton's* Sire
To change his course, and run from North to South,
Could the adventuring to undertake
A journey through *Africks* dreadit Wilderness,
When the *Eolians* do loudest breath,
And veil the Sun with sandy mountains height,
Enforce her to repent the Tragedy,
By these Attempts drawn on me, she should finde
What truth of love was in her servants minde.

Clean. Keep back his hands, O Heavens, from violent
deeds, Let him not offer injury against his own dear life.

Car. I have prattled too much: but I ha' done.
No longer shall my happiness be delay'd,

Nor the displeas'd Destinies any more,
Hear the sad depth of wretchedness I live in.
Thus——Here I fall her cruel sacrifice. *Stabs himself.*

Clean. Hold: for Heavens sake hold.

Car. 'Tis too late to prevent;

Patience *Anclithe*! Commend me to *Lucora*,
That Angel Beauty, without Angel Pity.
Tell her my wofull story; how (ere since
Thou knew'st me) I have languish'd for her:
That I have spent whole night in tears and sighs,
Whole days in solitude, to think of her:
That I did suffer her unkindness, while
I had a dram of Patience left within me:
Tell her, how her most cruel Letter rais'd
A despair higher than my strength, and that
Under her strange unkindness I am fall'n.
Weep not *Anclithe*! I am faint, struck dumb.
Fly passionate Soul into *Elizium*.

He faints.

Clean. O my dear Lord, brave young *Carionil*,
He wash thy wound with tears, stop it with my sighs.
Unkindest day that ever wore the Sun,
Thou art accurs'd for giving light unto
His hand, to guide it to an act so much
Beneath manhood. Oh me! I am undone!
What now will my disguise avail me in?
Foolish Sister *Lucora*! O ye Heavens,
Where lies our difference? Are we not the same
By birth on both sides, of one sex? Sure Nature?
Degrades against it self, or this
Untimely——O ye gods, I dare not name it,
Nor will I believe it. He is alive:
So suddenly the world cannot be ruin'd,
Which is if he be lost: All virtue gone
All valour, piety, and every thing
Mortality can boast of. My Lord, noble
Carionil! He doth not hear me. Alas!
I am for ever most desolate of Women.
Injurious heart-strings break: Why do ye tie
Me to a life millions of degrees more loathsome
Than the forgetfull Sepulcher of Death?

The Obstinate Lady.

Would some commiserating benevolent Star
 (Which carries Fate in't) would in pity to
 My misery, take me from it. For love he
 Lies here this bemoaned Spectacle: and shall
 My Passion be undervalued? Tears, not sighs,
 Nor Dirges sung by me eternally
 Can paralel our loves at full. 'T must be
 The same way, and it shall: The same Blade
 Shall be the Instrument, and I receive it
 Tragediously here on my knees. Wou'd some
 Kinde body would interre us in one Tomb.
 Be firm my hand, and bold. *Enter Falorus.*

Fal. Anaclethe! *Clean.* My Lord *Carionil* calls. Is't
 you? then—— *Fal.* But I must hold you, and be-
 reave your hand. *Clean.* And you may also die: your
 Friend is slain, my noble Lord *Carionil* is dead:
 The Paper in his left hand yet, that brought
 His reason into such subjection
 That he even frantickly did stab himself.

Fal. I will extend my life till I have read it. *He reads
 the Letter.*
 This Lady is a rough blown Sea, on which
 His worthy life has foully suffer'd shipwrack.
 I have her! Not *Mercury* pleading in her defence
 With oratory, able to stint *Joves* wrath,
 (When he has bespoke Thunderbolts of the *Cyclops*,
 To wreak some injury) should ever win me
 To her Bed. *Polydacre*, mew her up
 Like *Danae* in a Brazen Fort, or else
 Make her to answer with her life this murder
 She's accessary to. Proud piece of vanity!
 I do want words to give my thoughts expression,
 So much I hate her. Prethee *Anaclethe* pardon
 My injury against thy rest: for holding
 Thee in a life so loath'd, as this is to thee.
 He lead thee. *Car.* Oh, oh!

Clean. Withhold a while my Lord: he groans.

Car. Thou art the cause *Lacora*, and I must not blame
 thee: I struck not that blow right, but this shall do't. I am
 fainter than I ghes'd, I have not enter'd. What! Who has
 stole the Stiletto from me? Boy! *Anaclethe*, restore it as
 thou lov'st me.

Fal.

Fal. *Carionil*, I joy you are recovered:
Death is grown courteous, or by this you had
Been wandering in the *Elizian* Groves.

Car. My friend *Falorus*!

Fal. Your loyal friend. Give me your hand, and rise.

————— I'm glad to see your wound no worse.

'Twas care and willingness to die bereft you of your senses.
I will show you how you may win your Mittriss,

————— You hear me.

Car. I like it well: It may prevail, I hope it will.

Fal. *Anclithe* had slain himself, had I not come.

Car. Good Boy, thou wert too kind.

Clean. Indeed (my Lord) I never shall desire to survive you. *Car.* Divulge my death. *Clean.* I will not fail.

Fal. Why (my *Carionil*) would you engage so much your self to any of that Sex, as for a disreputancy to lay violent hands upon your self? In truth (my Friend) I wonder at it, justly you merit more than they can satisfy with their endeavours, all of them.

Car. Proceed not (good *Falorus*) in this language.

Fal. What good do Women? old *Amphitrite's* face is not so full of wrinkles, as they are of vices.

Car. No more as you regard (what always yet you have profess'd) our long continued friendship. O Women, most admired Creatures! How can the just Heavens these Speeches so allow? What good do Women? I do say, What ill? Who do perform what men can onely will? Why have we ears, if not to hear the sound and sacred harmony their tongues compound? Why have we tears, if not to weep, when we do chance a Woman discontent to see? Why have we eyes, if not to look upon their beauties, Nature's high perfection? Why have we tongues, if not to praise them, when they scandal'd are by railings of ill men? Why have we reason all, if not to deem us

Happy, because Women do so esteem us?

Fal. You are their worthy Champion: what I said was out of Passion for *Lucora's* dealing. I will report y^e are dead.

Car. I shall be oblig'd unto you by 't.

Exeunt.

Scena

*Scena Tertia.**Enter Phyginoia solus.*

Phy. My Cloaths are almost made, and every thing that does belong unto the habit of a Gentleman, I have prepar'd me richly : for in these garments I dare not accost her. I had good fortune to come with *Cleanthe*, who hath been very bountifull unto me.

Enter Polidacre, Rosinda, Antiphila, Lucora, and Nemis.

Pol. Lady, I take it very kindly you would do me such an honour as visit me : it shall be my study to deserve it.

Ant. My Lord, this is too ceremonious. Pray you let us walk. I much approve of this air. I know no place so sweet about the City.

Ros. How observant he is ! He would fain make it a Match, and I think she is willing enough. But I shall prevent them with amazement. I will see farther in it first.

Phy. The Heavens (worthy Gallants) be serene as long as you presume under the safety of them.

Pol. Know you this Fellow, *Tanderix* ?

Ros. His name is *Draculemion*.

Pol. O ! I have heard of him.

Nem. His behaviour (Madam) is strange.

Luc. 'Tis some Frantick.

Pol. What winde brought you hither ?

Phyg. That which (noble Sir) shall blow me all over the Universe to do you service.

Pol. I thank you for your Complement, for your capitainly Profection.

Phyg. Brave *Bevy* of Gallants, my Purse being millions of Degrees voider of money, than my heart of courage ; I desire to empy my mouth of words to fill up the *VACUUM* of it, if you please to lend me your attention, and afterwards to commemorate with munificence the worth of my Oration.

Pol. Sweet *Antiphila*, what say you ?

Antiph. He speaks so strangely I would fain hear him.

Pol. *Draculemion*, you know what to do.

Phyg. Hail (but fair weather) I (that have been the Favourite of inconstant Fortune, and termed worthily by the

the worshipfull Title of a Gentleman) am now debas'd into an humble Fugitive. Commiserate this wonderfull change (most excellent Auditors) and let your Recompence be a Help, again to restore me, and a Story to exalt me towards the *Fastidium* of my priittine Felicity. And (at your connivence) I will poast afoot to *Mexico*, drink your Healths till I'm sick, and kill any I hear speak irreverently of you. These, and more than these will I accomplish, though to my perpetual ignominy, or dissolution of my life, conditionally you will bestow fluently upon your Slave, so undeserving a title. *Dixi.* *Pol.* Here's for all the Company. *Phyg.* Will you give me leave to be gratefull? *Pol.* Yes surely.

Phy. Ile not desire the Muses to repleat My willing *Genius* with Poetick heat: This subject doth transcend them. Ile desire *Apollo* to this Lay to touch his Liré. Thou Charriotier of Heaven (that dost invest Thy swift-hoof'd Coursers in the dewy East, (With harness work'd by *Mulciber*) to light The World, and dissipate the Clouds of Night) For *Phaeton*'s sake (not unto me unlike) Thy sweetest Notes unto this Ditty strike.

Pol. If the *Exordium* be so long, 'twill be very tedious before the Conclusion. *Antiph.* Dismiss him therefore. *Pol.* Farewell, *Dracumelion.* *Phyg.* Would I might kiss thee before, *Nentis.* *Aside.* Exit *Phyginiois.*

Pol. Madam, how do you like the Lord *Falorus*?

Antiph. Very well, my Lord. *Pol.* Him, I have often motion'd to *Lucora*, and he has consented to marry her. Would it not be good Fortune for her, think you?

Antiph. Indeed I think it would. *Pol.* How say you now *Lucora*? *Antiph.* For he's a much applauded Gentleman, of good conditions, and of sweet behaviour, whose company is every where acceptable: he deserves a good Match, such an one as your Daughter is. *Pol.* How say you Girl? Was any thing I told you of *Falorus*, a falsehood. Come, preethee do thy self a goodturn, and take him, do *Lucora.* *Luc.* Dear Father pardon me. Indeed I have not any desire yet to marry. *Pol.* Sure you have?

Bethink you, and speak witer. *Luc.* Truly I have not Sir. *Pol.* Y^e are a stubborn Wench, and I am sorry it was my hard fortune to be thy Father. Your shrewdness shall not carry you through so freely, (as you beleeve it will) it shall not, Maiden. *Antiph.* Do not chide her, she will be rul'd by you. *Luc.* Indeed (Madam) I had rather live as I do. *Pol.* No! I beleeve not that. There is some one, or other, farre inferiour unto him, whom she's in love withall. Perhaps some vile Scum of the Town. *Luc.* Dear Sir, you conceive amiss of me: for I love no man yet, and hope I never shall be of another minde.

Pol. 'Tis false, I cannot beleeve you.

Luc. If ever I should, I'd hate my self to place affection on a man of base birth, or unseemly qualities.

Antiph. Be not angry, Sir.

Nen. I pray you marry (Madam) for it is a state wherein one may securely kiss.

Luc. Leave thy toolery.

Nen. O 'tis a fine thing, to have a Coach of ones own, to go to a Play when you will, and be restrain'd from nothing you desire to do.

Luc. Marriage is no such Liberty as you make it.

Ros. Alas! poor Daughter! Thou art to be pitied. *Aside.*

Pol. Think of my Will: I give you time. *Exeunt all but*

Ros. They have hard fortune (which the gods remove) That (where they cannot) are compell'd to love. I wou'd she had *Carionil*. I esteem not the ancient Enmity between the Families. *Enter Phyginiois.*

Now *Draculemion*, How do you?

Phy. At your beck, and in good health, brave Spark of generosity.

Ros. Faith I am sorry I must leave you. I must needs follow my Lord, otherwise we would have had one Pint together.

Phy. Thou art a jovial Lad. Farewell. *Exit Rosinda.*
O my *Nentis*! thou art a worthy *Andromache*, and dost deserve *Hector*, the courageous *Trojan Wag*.

Enter Phylander.

Phyl. They are not here. *Phyg.* I must to my trick agen,

agen. Divine *Apollo*, and ye *Muses* nine, can ye behold his ruine, unto whom ye have vouchsafed sacred Poesie? Or see him sleep under a Hedg i'th' Field, who hath so often on *Parnassus* lyen? Or seek the River for to quench his thirst, who at *Boetian Hyppocrene* hath pledged *Mnemosyne* in full-fraught Cups? Or wander bare-legg'd, who upon the Stage hath acted often times in Socks and Buskins? Or see him tann'd for want of an old Hat, Whose temples (unto his immortal praise) Ye have so richly view'd begirt with Bays?

Phyl. Draculemion! I am glad to finde thee. I'll have a Speech.

Phyg. Your Worship shall.

Phyl. Why, well said.

Phyg. As yet the contentious Night has not exterminated *Hyperion* from the Celestial Globe, who daily useth to hawk with the Firmamental Eagle, and to hunt *Ursa major* round about the Forrest of the Sky, to go to plough when he wants Corn with *Taurus*, and (when he is a hungry) to eat *Aries*, and at night (when he comes i'th' West) to court the Lady *Virgo* to be his Bed-fellow, whom because he cannot obtain, he lashes on his Horses and goes and reports his stubbornness to his Friends at the *Antipode*. Nor as yet hath the Trumpeter *Boreas* blown stormy Clouds into our *Horizon*, to deprive our eyes of the powerfull radiance of his Orbicular, and refulgent head. Nor as yet am I weary to do you service, nor will be while I am able, *Draculemion*.

Phyl. Here's for you.

What a wordy nothing thou hast spoken!

Phyg. You have given me current Silver for it,
You are a bountifull Gallant. *Exit Phygionis.*

Phyl. My Father is my Rival, and I finde
To him *Antiphila* is most inclin'd:

What the Fates will we never can prevent;
And (till the End) we know not their intent. *Exit.*

Finis Actus secundi.

*Actus Tertii Scena prima.*Enter *Falorus solus.*

Fal. A potion he hath took, and is o'rcome by the deceitful working of it, and lies as if he had no interest in this life. *Lucora* I have sent for, that we may see how she'll take it; For by her carriage now we shall perceive if there be any hope. Enter *Cleanthe.*

What, wil the Lady deign her presence here?

Clean. She will, my Lord. *Fal.* 'Tis well.

Clean. And is at hand of entring.

Fal. Prethee *Anclerthe* bid them bring out my Friend.

Exit *Cleanthe.*

Though once *Carionil* did not believe my protestations to him, to relinquish all title to *Lucora*, yet I meant it. Were she a Lady far more excellent, and richer in the ornaments of Nature; Did she exceed the fairest of her Sex more then fine-featur'd *Mars* the ugliest Satyre; Were her tongue Musick, and her words Enchanting, and her conditions gentle like a goddess; Ide rather carry *Aetna* in my breath, then be disloyal to my Friend, far rather.

Enter *Cleanthe* and Servants putting forth a Bed with *Carionil* upon it.

Thou art most dutiful *Anclerthe.*

O *Anclerthe*! Natures most curious Imatatreffs:

How like a body late depriv'd of life

Do's he lie sleeping without motion!

Enter *Lucora* and *Nentis.*

Clean. My Lord! The Lady *Lucora*!

Fal. Draw back: but stay you here *Anclerthe.* *Ex. Servi.* I thank you Lady for this favour to us; Were *Carionil* alive he would requite it, He would unto the utmost.

Luc. I'm sorry that a Gentleman reputed ever most wise, and voiced by a general fame to be complear and perfect in all goodnes (the which *Carionil* was) should thus destroy the great opinion all the world had of him. His depriving himself of his own life for that foolish affection he bare me, (I having often told him that he spent his service barrenly, and that it would yeeld him no fruit)

was such a weakness in him, that his lifes honour, his deaths shame hath ruin'd. Hither I came at his dying request, which (his Boy told me) was to have me see what my Obdurateness hath urg'd him to; For so he term'd it. His desire is satisfi'd. Were he alive again, I could not love him. Sir, I should love him less, for the poor weakness this act accuses him of: I should, Beleeve me; And so my Lord I take my leave.

Nent. Had I been his Mistress he had liv'd. — *Aside.*

Fal. Stay Lady,
Show more respect; for truly he deserv'd it.

Clean. But kiss his lips, if you will do no more.

Luc. The Boy and all

Clean. Speaks reason. — *Aside.*

Luc. His will I have accomplish'd. Farewell Sir.

Exeunt Lucora Nentis.

Fal. Hath she a heart? or if she have, what metal or stone is it of! Dost thou not think (*Anclerthe*) that man happy who's free from all the molestations that are concomitants to affection, and to the grievous bondage of a Woman? *Clean.* My Lord contingently.

Fal. Thy timeless experience doth deceive thee:
Beleeve me Boy, there do's not live a Woman who more then complementally is my Mistress.

Clean. Sir, you do not fear to love one of 'hem.

Fal. Yes. And the gods keep me still in that fear. Sure such another put out *Cupid's* eyes. O women, women!

Clean. Truly my Lord, I do beleeve all Ladies are not cruel. Indeed I do.

Fal. Thou art too young to be suspected; otherwise I should think that some subtle false one had beguild thy youth. Nature has work'd the potion out.

Clean. My Lord recovers strength. *Car.* How is't?

Fal. How do's my Friend? *Car.* Repeat my destinie.

Fal. Receive it with as calm a quietness as I deliver it, Your ear. *Cle.* Vouchsafe him patience, O ye gods!

Car. When huge wav'd Rivers from the Earths high banks precipitate themselves into the Ocean, Will stillness follow? Can you think then, can you, I may be quiet? Was *Jove* so, when the great Brood of the Earth, the

Giants did assay *Olympus* Conquest? Can I then a poor dejected man be calm, when all the misery the World can send, it pours on me fully? *Aeolus* run thy ventrous Sword again into the Rocks, and give an issue to the Windes, that they may with their irefull Blasts remove the World from off its stedfast Hinge, or blow the Pole-Stars out, and so let fall this Globe we breath on. Or (by Whirl-windes force) both Sexes collect together, and carry them into places opposite; the one into the Arctick, the other the Southern Regions, and let them of themselves propagate the like:

So Womens tyrannies could do no ill,
And men perform what one another will.

Fal. This favours frantickly. *Clean.* Deprive him not of reason, but exalt him to himself, O Heavens! Ah me! *Car.* 'Tis true, the Sea is always full of Water, (the Lands do releve it) and yet has no cause for lamentation, but wofull man hath but a few, indeed a very few salt tears to mollifie the burthenous draught of misery, which his malignant Stars compell him to endure. What? His Mistris venome obtinacy? Not possible; 'tis unsufferable, above our frail carriage. *Fal.* The word Friend, weighs all Titles of Honour down, and therefore not by them, but that I beseech you not to neglect your self. I've lately known the time when death almost inevitable could not unfix your thoughts. This cause is weaker.

Car. How? *Fal.* Beleeve me, Friend. *Car.* Beleeve you! I would beleeve thee, Friend, didst thou affirm absurdest contraries. That the Sun was extinguish'd, and the bright Moon was blown out, and all the Starrs were fall'n, and Nature (yet harmonious) disorder'd into another *Chaos*, I would beleeve you: for rather than you should pronounce a falshood, things that are not, would be.

Fal. Alas! you are dislemper'd. I grieve to see you so, for so poor a cause.

Car. It is a weighty one, and if the brave fam'd offspring of *Alcmena* had endur'd it, he had enlarg'd his Labours to thirteen, and been another Wonder to the World. But (noblest Friend) you know the History; how he the knotty Club did lay aside, put off the rough *Nemean* Skin and don'd Maidens apparel, for the
love

love he bore to ruin'd *Pious* Daughter, young *Iole*.

Fal. But he ne're offer'd violence to himself.

Clean. He did not Sir, be counsell'd by your Friend. Do my good Lord.

Car. He had not cause, she did return him love, and (except in this case) I would suffer beyond expression from another hand, without a thought to use mine own. But you may say I'm passionate: 'Tis right, I am so, I know 't, and you cannot expect less from me. Were I as free from love as you have known me, you should not tax me with that fault, although unstable Fortune made an *Irus* of me. But you may call this boasting.

Fal. Far be it from me, 'tis a perfect truth. *Clean.* Ah!

Alas! *Car.* Leave sighing Boy prethee. *Fal.* Come, You shall be temperate again (my Friend) and have fair likelihood to obtain your Lady. *Car.* Impossible!

Fal. I've form'd the Plot already. You must be: draw near. *Car.* How, a *Negro*, an *Ethiopian*! 'tis frivolous. She is too obdurate, most obstinate. *Fal.* Hath not she refus'd many of the bravest and handsomest Gentlemen of this Kingdom? You cannot deny it. Be therefore counselled. She that cannot love a man of a better complexion,

On one of them may settle her affection.

Car. I have some hope again. Boy you shall stay with my Friend. Refuse it not I prethee: for many conveniencies it is necessary. I every day shall see thee, and shortly will take thee agen. *Clean.* My Lord, I beseech you.

Car. Nay, my *Anaclethe*, let me not use words, as thou dost love me deny me not. *Clean.* Sir, I am charm'd, and will obey you. *Fal.* Come, let's walk, and I'll instruct you fully.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Jaques* solus drunk.

Jaq. This *London Wine* is a parlous Liqueur; 'twill turn you a man's head so long round, that at last 'twill set you it where his heels should be. Another Glass on't had prov'd me a Reeler, a Corquean, which I was never brought up to. I learn'd a Song of my old Grannum: many a good Ballad she would a sung me by the fires side o're a black Pot; but your City Wine is a more stinging Liqueur. She left me a very fair Cow; but a villanous Thief stole me her (foul cheeve him for it) and escap'd I know not whither. But all's one, much good do him with it. My Ladies worships service is better than a Team of Oxen. But the Song must not be forgot.

All

The Obdurate Lady.

1. All that about me sit,
 Laugh at my pleasant wit,
 And neither cough nor spit,
 Till I have done:
 For I will sing a Song
 That fitly shall belong
 To a Cow, and not wrong
 Cleer *Helicon*.
2. *Don Quixot's* *Rosinant*,
 And *Sancho's* *Ass* *Errant*,
 And *Banckes* his Horse do want
 What she may brag of;
 They would ones breech much gall,
 And give one many a fall,
 Sufficient therewithall
 To break ons crag off.
3. That *Jove* did love a Steed,
 I yet did never read;
 But by all 'tis agreed
 To he loved,
 No Beast upon the field
 Doth man more profit yield,
 Whether alive, or kill'd,
 As may be proved.

Well, Ile to my Chamber and sleep awhile, otherwise I'll
 ha' a foyl deal of doe to keep me on my legs this afternon.

Enter Lorece.

Jaques is now a very *Barnaby*.

Lor. Soho, my Boy!

Exit Jaques.

His march is extraordinary: Sure the Rogue's dead, he's
 so very deaf——The report is that Doctor *Aristotle*
 cast himself into the Sea, because he cou'd nor (with all
 his rambling Philosophy) find out the Natural cause of
 Ebbing and Flowing of it: But (had his good Scholarship
 been troubled with my *Mistress*) he might a jolted his
 brains out against a Rock, for his dulness in inventing a
 Method

a Method of wooing to win her Ladyship withall. I here will sit and muse.

Sits in a private place.

Enter Vandona and Jaques.

Jaq. Indeed (Madam) I will be very serviceable unto you, if now and then you will suffer me to be blith, and full of merry moods. *Van.* Jaques, where ha' you been?

Jaq. At the Spigget. Is it not a very rainy wet day?

Van. Thou art well wash'd within. *Jaq.* 'Tis a very dark day: the Sun shines very clear though. *Van.* Th'art a light head *Jaques.* *Jaq.* And yet I cannot bear't steadfast on my shoulders. Wine's monstrous strong. Let me see, who am I?

Van. Th'art a Fool. *Jaq.* The Play's the better for't. *Van.* Y'are a drunken Coxcomb, go. *Jaq.* Thou captive Greek, I am a Beglerbeg.

Van. Thou wilt be a Begger, and thou leav'st not thy drinking. *Jaq.* Thou me *Roxalana!* Am not I the great Sultan?

Van. A Boobey. *Jaq.* You shew your breeding to upbraid the Majesty of the *Grand Signior.* *Van.* Peace; no more fooling. *Jaq.* You are drunk with North-countrey Balderdash. You keep no Wine, water your Kittlins with Beer. Norhing but Wine shall be drank in my Court.

Van. I shall be troubled with him else: Embassadours wait your return at your Palace. *Jaq.* We will withdraw: Send the *Balthaes* after me. They shall present me wine.

Exit Jaques. *Van.* Is he here? *Discloses himself.* I shall be courted certainly, and perhaps shall yeeld.

Lor. Most welcome happiest *Genius* of my life; dearest *Vandona*, let your lilly hand enrich my lips.

Van. Y'are very complemental Servant.

Lor. Mistress, i'faith I love you: as for millions of causes, so also for a natural demeanour: it shews you are no offspring of the City.

Van. You would marry none of them, Servant? *Lor.* No: six thousand pounds cannot hide a Squint-eye, a crooked back, a red head, or a muddy face, though they may gild them?

Van. This is very Satyrical.

Lor. I at any time will carry you to a Play, either to the *Black-Friers* or *Cock-pit*: and you shall go to the *Exchange* when you will, and have as much money as you please.

please to lay out : you shall finde me a very loving Husband, in troth dear Lady. *Van.* But Servant, you have

been a very debauch'd Gentleman. *Lor.* Forget what y^e have heard, and you shall hear no more of 't. But we are extravagant : Come, let's go to the Joyner.

Van. To whom, and for what Mr. *Lorese* ?

Lor. To *Hymen* in his Saffron Cote, to be married.

Van. Some other time. A moneth hence will serve.

Lor. Then must I count another Bout.

Van. What you please, Sir.

Lor. O *Cupid* the Bowman, I am not thy Fo-man, for I love this Woman, as well as I know man. And therefore I pray thee, that thou wilt stay me from mischief, and lay me in Bed with this Lady.

Van. What call you this, Sir ?

Lor. 'Tis my Imploration and Ode.

Van. Y^e are very fluent, Sir.

Lor. And yet neglected. But I'll make *Cornelius Gallus* speak *Englisk*, and he shall woo for me.

Van. What say you, Servant ?

Lor. Be you attentive and you shall hear, My sweet *Vandona*, fine and comely Lais, (whose Beauty Milk and Lillies doth surpass, and the sweet Roses, both the White and Red, or *Indian* Ivory new polished) O spread, O spread abroad thy yellow hair, like purest Gold, shining all out as fair. Thy purest Alabaster neck, and shows which (from between thy gracefull shoulders) grows : open thy starry eys, and let us view their brows above them of a fable hue : and both thy roseal cheeks let us espy, beautif'd with a natural *Tyriandy*. Put forth thy lips, their Corall let us see, and Kisses her. (Dove-like) gentle Kisses give to me, of amorous life thy breath did draw out part : those Kisses pierc'd me to the very heart. Why didst thou suck my bloud ? (O cruel she) Henceforth thy dugs (like Apples) hide from me, which with Ambrosiack Cream shall swell. Thy breast discloseth Cinnamon I yeeld, and best delights arise from thee : yet thy paps cover, whose growth and beauty do make me a Lover : for seest thou not, that languishing I lie ? A man half-dead, how canst thou thus destroy ?

Van.

Van. This is meer flattery. *Lor.* 'Tis but a very spark (Madam) an almost invisible Atome of Truth, which can scarce be discerned in the Sun-shine of your Perfections, Credit me Madam.

Van. They are most childish that will beleieve all their Servants say, my most poetical Servant. *Lor.* Most obdurate Lady. *Van.* Will you wrangle?

Lor. Was ever Widow so hard to win? Sure your Husband got not your Maidenhead, you are so backwards.

Van. Adieu Sir. *Lor.* Not yet I pray you, Sweetest Lady, if ——— *Van.* Pray you trouble me with no more Speeches.

Lor. O cruel Reply unto a Lovers Sute! If ever you have felt this Passions pain, if ever you would pityed be your self, or if you know that love hath power to kill, for all these (which you heretofore have been subject unto) commiserate a heart so full of love for you, that it will break if you deny. But (if you will remain inexorable, and frown on him, who ay must fawn on you) I wish my fortune may be yours, and that if ere you love, you may be served so.

Van. I'm but a Woman, and these words would move a stupid Rock to pity. Sir, I can resist no more, your tongue has Magick in't: you have overcome me, and enjoy your Conquest.

Lor. My dear Widow, let me kiss thee for this. Thy date of wearing black is almost out. O my joy! Me thinks I could out-sing old *Homer*, the nine Muses, and put their Patron *Apollo* out of fame.

Enter *Falorus*, *Cleanthe*, and *Phyginiois* in brave Apparel, My *Vandona*, yonder is my Brother. He will be joyfull to hear of my good fortune. *Fal.* Who's he?

Clean. A Friend of mine (my Lord)

Lor. I shall be desirous (Sir) both for your own, and for *Anaclethe's* sake to be better acquainted with you. May I demand your Name? *Phyg.* Your Servant is call'd

Phyginiois. *Fal.* How have you sped, Brother?

Lor. She will be call'd your Sister. Salute her, go kiss her for't. *Fal.* Lady, I hope my Brother will deserve you.

Phyg. Madam, I am a stranger, but will endeavour to make my self known unto you, by any service I can do you. *Van.* Thank you Sir.

Phy. My *Nemis* doth excell her Sister. *Aside.*

Lor. Come Brother, will you go with us?

Fal. Il'e wait upon your Mistress. *Exeunt Fal. Lo. Va.*

Clean. My faithfull Friend, may all thy wishes prosper
And a fair end crown them most happily.

Phy. Sweetest of Ladies! *Clean.* Thou did'st prefer
goodness before the raising of thy House.

Phy. It griev'd me to think so noble a Lady should be
so poorly dispos'd of. My Brothers birth, nor Fortune
could deserve you. *Clean.* I was ignorant, and might

have undone my self. *Phyl.* But I did pity you.

Clean. And ever have oblig'd me to you for't.

Phy. If your Sisters Woman Mistress *Nemis* be obstinate,
and you prosper; hereafter you may do me a multitude of
favours. *Clean.* I ne'r will fail to do the best I can.

Now let us follow them.

Love is a passion not to be withstood:

And (untill hearts be mutual) never good. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Carionil solus* like a Negro in strange Apparel.

Car. A Lovers life is like the various year
Which hardly bears one form a fortnights space.
He sure deserves respect that to obtain
His Mistress, thinks all trouble a content.
These two years have not had as many quarters
As I disguises, scarce as many days
As I devices, and yet to no purpose.
What I may do in this I cannot ghes
But for my own purpose must hope the best.
My late long residence ith' *Spanish* Court
(When I lay there Leiger Embassadour)
Hath made me speak the *Castilian* language perfectly,
Which will be my great furtherance, becaule
Polidacre affects that Tongue exceedingly,
And I know will gladly give me a free access
Unto his house at all times.

*Estoy yo (como deve) muy lobrego
Porque de mi Lancora haze un Negro.*

Enter

Enter Polidacre, Nentis, Lucora.

They shall not see me yet.

Luc. Sir, your daily Importunacies have so mov'd me, that I must yeeld unwillingly. Onely I request to have our Marriage deferr'd a Moneth. Dear Sir, do not deny me this.

Enter Falorus.

Pol. I thank thee Girl. Welcome *Falorus*. My Daughter's yours after four Weeks be past.

Fal. Worthy Sir, y'are too bountifull. Most excellent *Lucora*, you will make my fortune envied. I must dissemble yet: for I will not wrong *Carionil*.

Nent. I like this well.

Luc. But I will rather die than have him.

Aside.

Car. I do not doubt my Friend.

Pol. I have labour'd much for you.

Car. Now I'll disclose my self, and counterfeit the Negro as well as I can.

Araucana.

T pues en todos tiempos, y ocasiones
Por la causa common sin cargo alguno,
En batallas formadas, y esquadrones
Puede usar delas armas cada uno:
Por las mismas legitimas razones
Es licito el combate de uno a uno,
A pie, a cavallo, armado, dessarmado
Ora sea campo abierto, ora estacado.

Don Carionil! Wou'd I could hear of thee!

Luc. He is the brav'st proportion'd *African* I ever saw.

Aside.

Pol. I will speak to him. *Habla (voſte) Yngles?*

Car. Yes Sir. I learn'd your Language at *Bruxels*.

Pol. I shall be most glad (Sir) to be acquainted with you. *Car.* Grave *Nelides* years be doubled (most honourable Heroe) upon you. Your courtesie has won one of the chiefeſt *Ethiopian* Lords to become your Servant.

Luc. What an unequal'd carriage he is of!

Aside.

Car. You look Sir like a noble Gentleman, I salute you.

Fal. Well done (*Carionil*) maist thou prosper. Your Mitris has consented a moneth hence to marry me: but doubt me not my Friend.

Aside.

Car.

Car. According to the *Ethiopian* custome, great Lady, I adore your Pantofle. *Luc.* You are a worthy and a noble Moor.

Car. This is your shadow: you shall command me, fair one.

Nent. Thank you, Sir.

Pol. I heard you mention *Carionil*. *Car.* 'Tis true, I did so. When we were both in the *Spanish* Court together, (I being commanded thither an Ambassadour from the Emperour of both the *Ethiopia's*, and of the mighty Kingdoms, and vast Countreys of *Goa*, *Cassare*, *Fatigar*, *Angola*, *Baru*, *Balignozza*, *Adca*, *Vangne*, and *Goyame*) He wrong'd me; and I am come hither to seek him, and with my Sword to punish his rude language. If you will tell me (Sir) where I may finde him, you shall eternally oblige me to you. *Pol.* He is lately dead, Sir. *Car.* You do but jest. *Fal.* I was with him when he di'd.

Car. Then he had not so honourable an end as was intended him. *Pol.* If I should not seem too inquisitive,

I would desire to know your quarrel. *Luc.* I much am taken with this object. — *Aside.* *Car.* You may command me any thing. We meeting in the Presence one afternoon, (mongit many things) did happen to discourse of Ladies: he said, that none of all the world were so beautifull as the *Spanish*. I that had read in many Histories, the *English* have the best and loveliest faces, did tell him so, yet could not change his minde. After long alterations, he grew hot, gave me the Ly reproachfully, which forc'd me to tell him that (though I ow'd so much honour to both the Majesties of our great Masters, as not for private wrongs to disturb our Embassies) I meant, before I di'd to visit his Countrey, and call him there unto a strict account.

Pol. I thank you for your free relation. While you intend to stay in *England*, use my House at your pleasure, I pray you do. Your company will be always welcome to me. And I love the *Castilian* language, which you speak both readily, and purely. May I demand your Name?

Car. 'Tis *Tucapelo*, and I'm Subject to great *Prefter John*, (whose powerfull Scepter awes sixty two Kings) and in *Garamma* five, magnificent for silken Palaces.

Fal. His behaviour is without suspicion,

Aside.

Pol.

Pol. 'Tis dinner-time, or nigh: Pray you be my Guest
you shall be very welcome. *Car.* I'll wait upon you.

Pol. *Falornus*, let me intreat your stay.

Fal. You shall command me. *Exeunt Pol. La. Fa.*

Luc. Injurious Tyrant Love! *Nentis!* *Nent.* Madam!

Luc. Stay a little. How frail is any Womans resolution?
I that so seriously have often thought never to change
my Name, am now become a Slave unto a Moor. I feel the
mighty Fabrick of all my maiden virtue totter. What
can befall me worse? But I may as well withstand a volley
of shot, and as easily, as resist these new desires. 'Tis very
strange that I (who have deni'd the earnest Sure of so com-
pleat a Gentleman as was *Carionil*, and neglected his
Friend, (for I will rather steal away, and do mean services
to my inferiours, than be his Wife) should dote upon a
Person some Ladies scarce dare look upon, a Moor, a Sun-
burn'd Moor I'm utter stranger to. What would my Fa-
ther say, if he should know my thoughts? Banish me ever
from his sight, and never more think of *Lucora's* name.
But love is not confin'd to the opinion of others. O this
is a revenge for my slighting of brave *Carionil*, yet if he
were alive again I could not love him. Alas! I am un-
done! O that my Fates had been so kinde as to have
wrought my heart fit, and propense to have requited him!
Nentis will you be silent of my love? Be so good *Nentis*.

Nent. Why Madam? Will you have this Black-a-
Moor? Me thinks my Lord *Falornus* is a handsomer man by
much. Alas! He will take you beyond Sea.

Luc. Nothing is strong enough to divert me.

Nent. Your secrets (Madam) are as safe in my breast as
yours. *Luc.* Befall what will, I am resolv'd.

Affection that doth tend

Not crookedly, but to a noble end

Is worthy, and they stubbornly repine

At their creation who from it decline.

Exeunt amba.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus quarti Scena prima.

Enter *Phylander* and *Antiphila*.

Phyl. Sweetest *Antiphila*. *Antiph.* I wonder (Sir) in what I have so forfeited my faith, that I cannot be credited.

Phyl. Urge me not Lady unto a beleef that will be my destruction: Delay me rather with a little hope, and save me from despair. *Antiph.* I can but say, what I have said already. You do not trust my tongue. Pray take a Parchment, and there inscribe a sad and solemn Oath, and I'll subscribe, that I will never have you.

Phyl. The fatal Ravens hoarse crying is *Thracian* Musick unto your Reply: Would I heard a thousand *Mandrakes* groan, so you had left me in silence.

Antiph. I pity you, but did you know me truly, you would bless my denial (young *Phylander*.)

Phyl. Bless it! O Lady, Durst I but be so horribly profane as to curse any thing you please to do, I would go study Imprecations, and vent them in places that are haunted by wilde walking Devils: Do not then suppose that though you were a *Succubus*, I durst utter such impious breath. Be all the faults (that either truth or Poets fictions have shewn in Women) in you, I will love you with serious admiration. *Antiph.* Sir, I will release your affection. *Phyl.* Impossible. Not the fairest Creature (by diligent search pick'd out of all the infinite myriades of Beauties, selected from the spacious Kingdoms of the Earth, and I might chuse her freely) should win upon my heart to dispossess you; she should not Lady.

Antiph. You will not hear me.

Phyl. Then may eternal deafness seize upon me. Speak (Lady) and though you do say the last word, I shall ever hear, I will with joy be most attentive. The dark Cave of sleep is not more quiet.

Antiph. I am contracted.

Phyl. You are not Lady. *Antiph.* I am Sir.

Phyl. Unto my Father? *Antiph.* No.

Phyl. Then sentence his sure death by naming him.

Antiph. Will you destroy the man I love?

Phyl. And you him that loves you?

Antiph.

The Obstinate Lady.

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Antiph. What is done cannot be undone. *Phy.* It shall. *Antiph.* You must not know his name therefore.

Phy. If there be any manhood in his breast, he shall disclose himself: I'll challenge him by such sure circumstances (and set the Papers on publick places by the Play-Bills) that if he dare but use a Sword he will be known.

Antiph. So you will publish my disgrace.

Phy. Too true: O Lady, dear *Amiphila*, give me his Name. I will not kill him foully, we will meet fairly: I may die upon his Sword, and you thereby be freed from my unworthy Sute.

Antiph. Sir, promise me one thing, and I will tell you. *Phy.* Here is my hand; you shall charm me.

Antiph. I must lie, and grossly to be rid of his Courtship. — *Aside.* It is *Tandorix*. You must not speak of it to any, or quarrel about it.

Phy. 'Tis not: you mock me (sweet *Amiphila*.)

Antiph. Indeed (*Phylander*) I do not. You will be secret for my sake, untill I do release you of your promise.

Phy. Have you had my hand: Silence must be my death.

Antiph. I'll leave you Sir, and build upon your word: For I perceive you are displeas'd. *Exit Amiphila.*

Phy. This 'tis to be a Fool: which is the truest and briefest definition of a Lover. What Fury fascinated so my senses as wilfully to make me become a slave unto the childish passions of a Woman? On this occasion wou'd I understood the saddest Epithites of Necromancy, that I might joyn 'hem to this Sex. O my heart! I am overcome with rage, and will be rather a perjured *Mahometan*, and wade through streams of blood in her arms than a soft conscienc'd *Ass*, and let this Villain have her. Could envious Hell suppose a body of so delicate a Composition cou'd within it, lodg a minde so poor and worthless? This is a Womans weakness! no, 'tis a baseness cannot be match'd in all the faults of man. But why am I so angry? I will shew my fury, not in idle breath, but deeds.

Enter Rosinda. And this shall be the time, Thou base ambitious Slave, before we part thou diest.

Ros. O good Sir, why? I ne're offended you, Heaven knows, I love you best of all the world.

C

Phy.

Phy. Thou art the hinderer of all the bliss I could expect or wish for upon earth.

Ros. Sir, let me hear the reason of your rage, and (if you find that I have injur'd you) I will not beg for life.

Phy. Finde it! I know it dearly. And will not honour thee vile man so much as t' let my tongue joyn such unequal names.

Ros. I understand you not: dear Sir, be plain.

Phy. Art thou prepar'd to die? if not, kneel here, and pray thy self into a readiness.

Ros. Be not so violent.

Phy. Repent.

Ros. Let me understand my offence. The Chrifome child is not more innocent of wrongs to you than guileless I.

Phy. The tears of Crocodiles.

Ros. I humbly do upon my knees implore you, that you thus rashly will not take away the life you never can restore, and will bewail for in an over-late repentance.

Phy. To Heaven,

not to me make Orizons, I am resolv'd.

Ros. For

your deceased Mothers sake (at whose sad Funeral Litter,

I was entertain'd into your Fathers Familie) and for those

tears, and sighs, and sorrows she did weep, groan and ex-

press at her delivery of you, be mercifull unto a faultless

stranger.

Phy. A tedious and an exquisite torture for

thy death, should not deter me from it. My mother (could

she arise out of her watry grave, appear in both our views,

and be an eloquent Suppliant unto me for thy life) should

not prevail to win me to it.

Ros. Then nothing will

satisfie. Keep in your Sword, I am your mother: draw off

this Periwig, and my face will establish your detest.

Phy. It does indeed: here prostrate on my knees for

my rude language I do crave remission.

Ros. And

you obtain it, and my blessing too: but you deserve blame

for your violent surie.

Phy. O let me kiss your gra-

cious hands, and seal my pardon on your happy lips. Why

did you grieve us for the sad report of your untimely

end?

Ros. You shall know all anon. But yet conceal

my being, till your Fathers love be ripe and grown mature

for a second marriage. I pray you do.

Phy. Mocher,

I will. Now I've good hope, *Amphibia* will be mine.

Exunt.

Scene

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Carionis*, *Lucora*, and *Nentis*.

Car. And Lady you shall not wish any thing (if that a humane power can obtain it) but I will make it yours. I hope you do not wrong my love with a suspicion, that I cannot perform what're I promise. *Luc.* I do not (Sir) distrust your affection: but give me leave to doubt I shall not live according to my content in *Ethiopia*.

Car. Most noble Lady, I that have seen both places dare promise you, you will. *Luc.* I cannot tell (Sir) I must beleieve you.

Car. For these few words (whose sweetness doth exceed vast and elaborate Volumes of Eloquence) may all the joys that ever have made happy the numerous Queens, and Empresses that have been Ornaments and Glories to the World, meet unto their Perfection in you. *Luc.* My *Tucapelo*! when I did see you first, I fell in love as deep as a Ladie could.

Car. And may I die when (in imperfect thoughts) you do repent your choice. *Miltris*, I can make famous *Jarama* as pleasing to you as is your native Countrey. You shall finde delights above, not equal to your minde. *Luc.* Sir, your companie shall be all things unto me.

Car. You shall not touch a drop of water, but shall be of more virtue than the *Theopian* Spring, where reverend Poets of the former times quaff'd off huge Boulds to great *Apollo's* health. Young Virgins (whose sweet voices do exceed *Mnemosyne's* Daughters) shall sing you asleep each night, and (when you grace the happy Woods with your rich presence) they shall make a comfort with the innocuous Quiristers of the Spring, to entertain the *Miltris* of my Life.

Nent. And I go thither they shall teach me to sing. *Aside.*

Car. The Jewel Tippers of your Ears shall weigh the curious points of precious Incises when *Leo* breathes hot vapours on the Earth. Your sedulous Slaves (enrich'd by noble blood) shall bear your Litter through the tedious Streets of *Jarama*, while all the gallant Youth within it runs to wonder at your Beantie.

Luc. I do beleieve you love me so much (Sir) that you will shew it all the

waies you can: and I do thank you for it, and love you and I will shew it all the waies I can. *Car.* O happiest Speech my Ears did ever hear!

Amphyon's musick made not such a sound, nor *Orpheus* Lute (which tam'd the stubborn spleen of Hells inhumane Dogs, when he did play for the redemption of his ravish'd Spouse) nor *Phaëbus* (when his Cold-strung Lyre he for superiority did sing his sweetest Anthems, and best Madrigals against ambitious *Pan*) made harmonic to paralel the sweetness of your tongue. *Luc.* If all my endeavours can deserve at this height your affection: by my fault it never shall decrease.

Car. You over-act me much, but never shall have thoughts beyond me. *Luc.* I pray you spare my company a while; a while I would be private with my Woman.

Car. Ladie, I will do things unwillingly at your command: but give me licence (Fairest) to print my heart upon your heavenly lipse ere my departure hence. — The *Otoman* Emperours in their immense *Seraglio* never saw your matchless features in their numberless successive multitudes. I am so blest that my excessive joys cannot be ghest. *Exit Carionil.*

Juc. Nentis! *Nen.* Madam. *Luc.* Unfold thy heart unto me: Let me know what thoughts thou hast of me. *Nen.* I may offend. *Luc.* Indeed thou shalt not. *Nen.* Then I do wonder (Madam) that you will bestow your self (I think) unworthily. *Luc.* How! *Nen.* This is displeasing to you. I will be hereafter silent. I have offended you. *Luc.* No: proceed. *Nen.* You are a Ladie untill now unstain'd with any blot (save obstinacie to the brave deceased *Carionil*) and will you give the World reason now, and a good one, (pardon my honest boldness Madam) to tax your judgment, and (which is worse) your virtue for this choice. Is not *Falorus* far more worthy of you? Marry him (Madam) and live still in *England*, I'm sure my counsel would be seconded by all the Friends you have, did they but know as much as I. But (Madam) if you have settled your affection past recall, and are resolv'd, I will be most obedient and secret unto all your purposes. *Luc.* And wilt thou go to *Ethiopia* with me?

Nen. If I do get no Servant before, and if you will (if I dislike the Countrey) give me

me libertie to return home. *Luc.* Most willingly.

Enter *Falorus, Cleanthe, and Phyginois.*

Nent. My Lord *Falorus!* *Luc.* Where?

Phy. If I can finde the least opportunity, I will trie
(*Nentis*) of what metall th'art made. *Fal.* I hope
(*Mistris*) our companie is not unwelcome to you.

Luc. By no means Sir. *Fal.* How gently it past her
tongue. For that sweet word I kifs your hand dear Ladie.

Luc. Where did you leave my Father, my Lord?

Fal. Above a reading *Guccardin.*

Nent. Sir, I can perceive when I'm flatter'd.

Phy. Earnest expressions of love deserve a better name.

Nent. Why Sir, I cannot beleieve you love me.

Phy. You need not doubt of that. *Mistris* I do with as
much servencie as Servant can. I do beseech you (*Ladie*)
to beleieve me. *Luc.* What ails my Lord? You are not

well. *Fal.* Unwelcome Guest away—I was thinking
of—— *Luc.* Of what? *Fal.* I ha' forgot——

Wou'd they would all leave me.—— *Aside.*] I am most
strangely alter'd on a sudden: my friendship (*I doubt*)
will be too weak a tie to make me silent. *Clean.* My

Lord! *Fal.* Thou hadst a Master did deserve thee bet-
ter. *Clean.* But he is dead, and I am yours by his last

Legacy! *Fal.* What wouldst thou say? *Aside.*

Clean. I hope y'are well.

Fal. He has found out an alteration in me: *Privately.*
I must beware of publick signs, I was full of
Carionil: my thoughts were busie concerning him.

Madam. I pray you pardon my neglect of frequent visits:
I have been too guilty. *Luc.* You have not offended.

Fal. 'Tis your great goodness to say so. *Nent.* This
(*Sir*) is too importunate. *Phy.* Too slack (*dear Mi-*

stris) but wink at my insufficiencie. *Nent.* You said,
you love no Woman in the World but me. *Phy.* And

may you hate me if you do. *Nent.* As I see you ready
to give me a full satisfaction that you mean faithfully: so
shall you finde me willing to require you.

Phy. No man can boast such happiness.

Nent. Sir, be moderate; y'are not so far off me, but
(upon occasion) I can retire, neither would I have the
companie

company take notice of us.

Phyg. You shall command me, *Mistis*. *Fal.* These passions are new to me; Wou'd I were private; I never did observe her so well before. *Luc.* My Lord! *Fal.* What say you, Madam?

Luc. You saw not my Brother *Phylander* to day?

Fal. No truly, Lady: I did not. *Luc.* Your Brother (*Nemis* saies) shall shortly be married to the rich Widow her Sister. *Fal.* So he doth hope.

Enter *Tandorix*.

Ros. Madam, Dinner staies of you. *Luc.* You hear my Lord. *Fal.* Nay *Anaclethe*: stay not for me, wait on the Lady: I'll follow immediately. *Ex. Lu. Ne. Ro. Phy. Cle.* What ails me? Let me see. What is the cause of such an alteration I finde within me? Doubtless it is Love. To whom? To whom, but to the worthiest and sweet *Lucora*? Take heed: 'tis dangerous, a sudden ruine so will cease my friendship, and prove my former Protestations feigned untruths. Cannot the noble name of young *Carionil* prevent me? No, nor certainty of all the evil wills of all the Friends I have, were both our better *Genius*: Orators and here embraced fast my knees, and wept miraculous tears (to quench the rising flames *Lucora*'s irresistible eies have kindled in me, or to drown this late impression Love hath seal'd upon my heart) I'd bee as remorseless as the most stern and unremoved *Scythian*, and deaser than the People that inhabit near the *Egyptian* Cataracts of *Nile*: but I am base, base to infringe the knot of amitie, a long and serious knowledg of each other hath ti'd betwixt us. 'Twere safer sailing with drunken Mariners between hard *Sylla*, and *Carybus*, than to suffer my much divided thoughts, and forth of them to work such a conclusion to my passion, as might hereafter confirm me noble in th' opinion of the World: but I'm most ignorant, and know not what to do. Wou'd I were so distraught, that my own self I could not know.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Lorece*, and *Vandona*.

Lor. Sweet *Mistis*, your bountie will become an envie

unto

unto future times. *Van.* So let your Love Sir.

Lor. But speak (my dear) what happy day shall give a fair conclusion unto all my wishes. *Van.* What haste good Servant.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, Sweet. *Jaq.* Madam (an't please) your own good Servants desire to shew your Worships some pretty pastime. *Van.* It pleases us well:

When begins it? *Jaq.* E'n presently: I'll go and tell 'hem all what a Woman you are. *Exit Jaques.*

Lor. This is not usual with you. *Van.* Indeed Servant so seldom that I remember not the like. Sure 'tis for your entertainment. They think I have been a Niggard of it, and help to make it out. *Lor.* You are too good.

Van. So you can never be. *Lor.* And yet I will not fail to do my best. *Van.* I pray you do not (dear Lorece) for 'tis a good resolution.

Enter Clownish Maskers.

Lor. I see we shall have some odd thing. *Van.* I wish (Sir) it may prove worth your Laughter. *Lor.* My fair *Vandona*, I beleeve you will have your desire:

Van. *Jaques* is among them; he may move you.

Jaq. An' either of you ask what's here, 'tis a Mask Which we Actors do hope will content you; If not, when it ends, let us all part Friends, And of your attention go in and repent you.

I hope your Worships will say I ha' pronounc'd this well enough. *Lor.* To my content good honest *Jaques*.

Van. I'm glad you like it.

Ja. Come *Hymen* thou Fellow, that always wear'st yellow,
Draw near in thy Frock of Saffron;
Once more I say appear, before this Gentleman here,
And this Lady in the white Apron:
If the Boy thou dost bring, has a voice fit to sing
Let's have a merry new Baller;
Begin thou the Song, and it will not be long
(We hope) before he will follow't.

A SONG

A SONG.

Hym. *S*ay Boy, who are fit to be
joyn'd into a unity?

Boy. *T*hey that will permit their wives
To live pleasant quiet lives,
And will never entertain
Thoughts of jealousy, if vain.

Hym. *N*ow Boy, let us couple here,
What should be the Woman's care.

Boy. *A* Wife should be secret, true,
Most obedient, and no Shrew:
Should obey her Husbands will,
While therein she findes no ill.

Omnes. *S*uch a Wife and Husband too
We do wish both him and you.

Lor. Prethee Sweet, let's be married this afternoon,
and this shall be our *Epithalamium*. *Van.* Stay my lei-
sure good Servant: 'Twill not be long. *Jaq.* Now if

ye please to cast a glance hither, ye shall see us dance:
Fidlers play, begin and strike: what ye see, do not dislike.

Lor. What a mad toy 'tis Mistris! *They dance.*

Vand. Jaques! This day use my Wine-Sellar. You and
your companie may be as free in it as you will.

Hymen. Her Ladiship saies well: Good now Ho ler's
go thither without more ado. *Jaq.* Goodman Wed-

lock! where was your minde mar'le? Is there not a piece
behinde yet? Ile not budg a foot till I have discharg'd it.

Hymen. Out with it then. *Jaq.* Mr. Marriage put
me not out with your grinning, for an you do, all's spoil'd.

Gentleman, and Madam, you have seen
What our Mask and performance hath been:

If you like both, 'tis well; and if but one
Of the other, wou'd we had done none.

For clapping your hands we care not two chips;
We are fatish'd, if you joyn your lips.

Lor. I thank ye all.

Van. And so do I: you now
may go. *Jaq.* And so we must, for I ha' done, All's done:
This

This last (what do you call) was the end of it.

Hymen. Why go we not? *Boy.* I am very drie with
singing and dancing. *Jaq.* Follow me to the Wine-
Sellar. *Exeunt Maskers.*

Van. You must keep your promise: you are expected
by this. *Lor.* Ladie, I kiss your hand: This is my *vale*.
As often as I come, I'll seal my welcome on your lips.
Farewell Widow. *Van.* Remember my service to your
Brother. *Lor.* Command me any thing. *Ex. ambo.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Carionil solus.

Car. The tedious Winter of my many griefs, her calm-
er heavenly breath hath now blown over, and all my tears
and sighs are now converted into a happiness will soon be
perfect. The gallant Courtier *Paris Alexander* (when he
had stole the young *Atrides* Bride, the Sister of the two
Tindarides, and with great Triumphs entred into *Troy*)
was sad and melanchollie unto me. How wise the Fates
are! Ere we can obtain perfect fruition of the thing we
love, we must break through great difficulties and tedious,
unto the end that we may more esteem and prize our hap-
piness when we achieve it. Thanks (excellent Ladie) for
your gracious promise: may every Lover henceforth bleis
your tongue. She hath prefix'd this hour to be the time,
wherein I shall outgrow all hope, and fix upon the proudest
height of fortunes wheel. Hail happye hour! This is her
Chamber-window, and this the door where-
by she must escape. Shine well ye Stars, and *Enter Lucio*
let this Project finde your influences to a *ra.* and *Nentis*
Lover kinde. *above.*

Nent. See Madam, he is come: my Lord
Tucapelo hath not transgress'd a minute. *Luc.* Then is
our parting near: your new Servant hath prevented your
journey. *Car.* *Nentis!* *Nentis!* *Luc.* Most honour'd
Tucapelo, I am here in presence to give answer to my Love.

Car. Are you ready worthiest Ladie? *Luc.* I am, my
Love. *Car.* Neglect your Jewels; *Garama* shall sup-
plie you, *Luc.* I care for nothing, if I have but you.
H *Car.*

The Obstinat Lady.

Car. Defend (my Dear) each minute is an age, untill I crown my joys with your possession.

Luc. I come. *Nentis* farewell: report that my Escape was unto thee unknown, and that I stole away when you was fast asleep: I would not have thee blam'd for me. Excuse me to my Father all the waies I have instructed thee in. *Descendunt.*

Car. *Cynthia* triumph; and let thy Brother hear, his eies did never witness such a stealth: Be proud in thy pale lustre, and make known, *Apollo* dorth tell tales, but thou tell'st none. Not yet! How tedious seems a moment. Delaies in love would raise impatience in *Olympick Jove*.

Enter *Lucora* and *Nentis*.

But she is entred! Welcome sweet *Lucora*. Above expression welcome. My Crown of joy I would not change for an Imperial Scepter.

Luc. I am most happie in your love (dear Friend) thanks good *Nentis*: my Woman cannot go with's.

Car. Then farewell *Nentis*.

Nent. May the propitious Heavens crown both your heads with all fair fortunes.

Car. Our thanks go with you.—*Exit Nentis.* *Luc.* It is your promise (Sir) that I shall live without contradiction in my Religion, enjoy my conscience freely: your Vow was solemn.

Car. I do acknowledg it, and will perform it.—
True——Not to be deny'd. What a great frost chills my affection! *Luc.* Then I'll be confident.

Car. You may. I am amaz'd, and lost within a wonder. Let me consider: have I cause to love a Ladie that hath so much neglected me, that she hath prefer'd a *Negro*? And 'tis likely (when she knows me) will care as little for me as e're she did, and (if she meets with one of this complexion I fain) confer her perfect love upon the Slave? 'Tis clear, I have no reason to do it, neither will I: For I am free, know libertie agen. This poor unworthiness in her hath loos'd me. Would it not be a weakness in me, (let me argue it) to bestow my self upon a Woman of so obdurate a nature, that she lov'd me less when she beleev'd that for her sake I had done violence upon my self? It wou'd be a matchless one, beyond example, and which future times would admire, but not parallel. *Luc.* Come shall we hence? Delay is dangerous.

Car. No, be it what

what it will. *Luc.* We must not stay here long.

Car. Nor will we. *Luc.* Alas! what ails my noble

Tucapelo? You had not wont to answer me so slightly.

Do you not love me still? *Car.* No. *Luc.* The

Heavens forbid! I am *Lucora*. *Car.* I do confess you

are, but must denie I love you. *Luc.* I could endure

your Sword with better ease: Use't, and revenge that igno-

rant ill I have committed against you. I had rather die by

your dear hand, than to return from hence with this strong

poison in my breast. *Car.* Kill you! Ladie, I would

not do it to obtain the soveraigntie of the sea-parted

Earth. Live many years in happines: I wish it with all

my soul, else may I die unwept for. But give me leave to

leave you, and bestow Laughter not Tears for my Incon-

stancie. Think me unworthie of your worthie self: for I

cannot love you, nor will marrie you. *Luc.* Surely

you will. Have you a cause to be so mercilefs unto a pas-

sionate Ladie? One that so truly wonders at your worths?

I pray you (Sir) jest not so solemnly: Thunder is Musick

in my ears to this. *Car.* I do not; credit me (most fair

Lucora) I am in earnest, nor would I spend the time in

words. Shall I call *Nemis*? *Luc.* Rather call Basilisks

to look me dead, than her, to help to mourn your unkinde

parting. O! do not thus: wherein am I deform'd so sud-

denly, that you so soon should leave me? *Car.* This

is a trouble to your self: you cannot speak words enow to

make me yours. *Luc.* Can I not speak suffi-

ciently! Then I will trie if there be Magick in *Kneels*.

my Knees. Look Sir, a Ladie kneels to you for

love, to whom the noblest of this Realm have su'd.

Car. All is in vain. *Luc.* Thou man (that art more

fasting in thy furie than the *Egyptian* Wonder through the

storms of many bleak rempetuous Winters) Say, say,

worthless man, if it becomes thee well to let a loving La-

die kneel to thee, and thou be mercilefs, and not raise her

up? *Car.* I pray you rise. *Luc.* And will you then

be reconcil'd unto me? *Car.* No, I cannot.

Luc. Then will I turn a Statue. *Car.* I pray you

leave me, and forget me ever: henceforth you shall not

see me any more. *Luc.* Not see you any more! O

faithless man, and full of perjuries! thy nature is transparent; thou art false as is the smooth-fac'd Sea, which every winde disturbs, a false *Barbarian*, and born under deceitfull *Mercury*. A *Britain* would rather have di'd than thus have wronged me: thou art inhumane, and maist boast thy conquest; Tell your most salvage Countreymen this Act, (if the just god of Seas revenge me not) and number it 'mongst your prond cruelties. *Car.* Be pacifid'e: I pray you leave this rage.

Luc. When I am dead I shall, and not before: and that shall not be long: for thou shalt see me, merciless man, thou shalt, and add that to thy bloudie Conquests: Boast how a slighted Ladie for thy unkindness made her self away: This hand (wherewith I would have given my self *Offers to stab herself.* to thee) shall take me from my miserie.

Car. Hold: I am *Carionil*. *Luc.* How!

Say that agen. *Car.* I am *Carionil*. *Luc.* That breath hath rais'd me, and made me my self. *Car.* I counterfeited the *Negro* to obtain you the wished Period of my griefs, and might, but will not love that Woman that shall scorn all my endeavours, and entertain a stranger an *Ethiopian*, and prefer him. No: Judg (fair *Lucora*) if I have not cause.

Luc. Yes, yes, you have: but now you do not need more of your Rhetorick to dissuade me from you. There are not in the world temptations can make me yours: I cannot give reason; 'tis my nature, and a secret one. *Car.* I am glad it is so. *Luc.* This is the happiest hour my life did ever pass, and quickly chang'd. *Car.* I rejoyce at the alteration: Madam, you shall command me to do any thing, but marrie you.

Luc. Then I command you never move me more.

Car. I will obey you. *Luc.* Now you may call *Nentis*: She is not yet in Bed: I see a Light still.

Car. Most willingly. *Nentis, Nentis!* *Enter Nentis above.*

Nent. What's the matter, mar'le.

Luc. Come down.

Nent. I wonder much: I come (Madam) *Descendit.*

Luc. You will be secret (Sir) of what hath past?

Car. You may be confident I will.

Luc. I else shall suffer much in my honour,

Women!

Women! take heed: The men whom ye denie
May win you to be theirs by policie:

They *Proteus*-like will varie shapes, untill

Beyond their wishes, they have plac'd their will. *Enter*

Car. Your Woman's come: Good night. *Nentis.*

Luc. Good night, Sir. *Exit Carionil.*

Nentis! I now will never pass the Seas. *Tucapelo* is become *Carionil*. *Nent.* Amazement seizeth me!

Luc. Anon thou shalt know all. *Nent.* I hope, that now you will be rul'd by your Friends, and take the Lord *Falorus* to your Husband. *Luc.* Hang Husbands!

Nent. God blefs them all I say, and send me a good one. *Luc.* Let's to Bed: Lock the Door after you.

Exeunt amba.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cleamthe sola.

Clean. How joyfully the Birds salate the morn! warbling a welcome from their gentle throats! but I am of another minde (poor maid!) *Aurora* doth no sooner blush upon the World, but I make my Complaints afresh.

I am in love, and for my wretched itate

Can blame no bodie, but sinister Fate. *Enter Carionil.*

Car. Well met, *Anaclethe*: I will hide no longer my self in this Disguise. Again thou shalt be my *Anaclethe*: Wilt thou be my Boy and sing me Songs, as thou hadst wont to do? *Clean.* You have obtain'd your Mistress I see my Lord. *Car.* I have not (Boy) nor will I seek her more. Some other time thou shalt receive the storie.

Clean. My hour is come: dear *Cupid* be my aid. And will you never have another Sir? *Car.* I do not know (*Anaclethe*) but if I have, she must not be so obstinate as this. I soon should leave her if I found her such.

Clean. But say a Ladie of a noble House, one that is not unhandsome, were in love with you, did love you violently (my Lord:) would you not pitie her, but be unkinde?

Car. Boy, I do know what 'tis to love in vain so well, and what a miserie is in it; that if she we were but reasonably well, she should not grieve for me; indeed she

should not. *Clean.* You are most noble: old Philosophie never defin'd a virtue which you want. There is a Ladie (Sir) and not ill-favour'd, born of an ancient honour'd Familie, so much in love with you, that if you do refuse her (my Lord) you do denie her life. *Car.* What is she call'd (*Anclithe?*)

Clean. My Lord, my Commission does not reach so far: she'd have her Name conceal'd untill y^e have seen her. To morrow morning you may meet her here: she with a Gentleman (a Friend of hers) will here expect you about ten a clock. *Car.* Well, I will see her (Boy) and if I finde her answer thy report, I will be kinde.

He that neglects a loving Ladie for

Weak caules, may the gods that man abhor. *Ex. ambo.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus quinti Scena prima.

A Banquet set forth: then enter Polidacre, Antiphila, Servants and Musicians.

Pol. You will pardon a sudden entertainment.

Ant. I hope we need not complement. *Pol.* You do instruct me. Sit down (my sweet *Antiphila*) and taste. Fill Wine. All health and happines to you (dear Mistris.)

Antiph. A true return of loyal thanks. *Pol.* Play a more merrie tune. I do abhor whatever reliseth of melanchollie. Sing *The Spheres are dull* ———— *Pol.* Applie it to your self, that best deserve it.

1. *The Spheres are dull, and do not make
Such Musick as mine ears will take:
The slighted Birds may cease to sing,
Their chirpings do not grace the Spring:
The Nightingale is sad in vain,
I care not to hear her complain:
While I have ears, and you a tongue,
I shall think all things else go wrong.*

2. *The Poets feign'd that Orpheus could
Make stones to follow where he would:
They feign'd indeed, but (had they known
Your voice) a truth they might have shown.
All Instruments most sadly go
Because your Tongue excell them so:
While I have Ears, and you a Tongue,
I shall think all things else go wrong.*

Antiph. 'Tis prittie. *Pol.* Reiterate again your
yeelding (Ladie) and once more let your breath perfume
those words. *Antiph.* Sir, I am yours. *Pol.* And I
my fair *Antiphila's*: your tongue hath made me happie.
Antiph. May your joy last long. *Exeunt ambo.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Phylander, and Rosinda in Womans Apparel.

Phyl. How glad am I to see you like your self! Dear
Mother pardon an excess of joy. *Ros.* Such signs of true
affection need no pardon. *Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you. *Phyl.* For me!
from whom? The hand resolves me. Present my service
to the Ladie sent it: tell her, ere long I will come kiss
her hands. *Serv.* I will Sir. *Exit Serv.*

Phyl. Mother, I writ unto *Antiphila*, and did desire her
(for guerdon of my love) to hold me second in her
thoughts, and (if she married not my Father) to have me.

Ros. She may perform what she beleev'd would never
come to pass.

The Letter.

Phyl. Sir, I confesse I am not contracted, and that I told you so
to make you desist. I should be exceeding ungratefull to
deny you so small a Request. There is nothing hinders me from
being yours, but your Father: and I solemnly vow to you, that
(if I have not him) you shall have me. But let not this beget any
hope in you: for (if I be not his) it shall be his refusal. Let it
onely manifest so much, that (had I never seen him) I could
have lov'd you most truly. I pray you let this suffice: and use
me

me so. Chuse another Mistress, and let me be her second: you will love me well enough; if you love another better. Farewell.

Your Fathers Antiphila.

Ros. What writ you to her (Son) concerning her professing a Contract betwixt us two? *Phyl.* That in my rage I met with *Tandorix*, and offerd to bereave him of his life: who thereupon did vow he was a Woman, and (for a Gentleman call'd *Perimont*, who often had deni'd to marrie her) that habit did assume; thereby to learn more easily what did prevent her joy, and whether he affected any other. Thus I your Being kept unknown. *Ros.* I'm glad you did so. *Phyl.* You do well (Mother) to wear a Mask; you shall thereby be sure to be conceal'd, untill you finde the fittest opportunitie your self (unto my Father) to reveal.

Exeunt ambo.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falorus solus.

Fal. What will become of me (unfortunate man) who needs must live in fire, or live in shame? I know not what to speak, nor what to do, both fear and grief do so confound my senses. I fear to wrong *Carionil* so much, as to be traiterous against our friendship: and griefs unsufferable endure for the fairest of Ladies, incomparable *Lucora*. I would she had been kinde unto my Friend, unto him, then I never had prov'd false. Nor will I: I will rather search out frozen Climates, and lie whole nights on Hills of Ice, or rather will take powerfull Potions, and sleep out these unpleasant hours I have to live. But then I shall not see that Beautie: who but senseless Framicks would have thoughts so poore? My Reason forsakes the government of this weak Frame, and I am fall'n into disorder: O! I could sigh my Bodie into Air! and weep't into a Lake, if mercilefs Nature had made it of a substance suitable unto my wish now! Me thinks I could level a Promontorie into a Province: and tread the Centre through, to read the Destinies of Southern Stars, and bless their fortunes, that are born under their light; for (I am confident) their influences are more milde than ours. There is no other Fate
can

can fall on me shall aw me now : I will be prov'd, and daring as the ambitious waves, when wrathfull blasts of Northern windes do hoist them violently against the highest Clouds, and rather will destroy my self, than wrong *Carionil*.

Exit Falorus.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Cleanthe in Womans Apparel, and Phyginois.

Clean. And serv'd my Sister well to leave her so.

Phyg. How much (dear Madam) have you improvish'd mens eyes, by hiding your perfections in their Apparel ? Indeed I flatter not, I do not know the Ladie owns such beautie.

Clean. If my *Carionil* will like me, then I shall attain the end of my desires. May I appear but lovely in his eye, and what I seem in others I will slight. But (good *Phyginois*) I prethee tell me in your affection what success you have. Is *Nentis* won, or do you hope she will ?

Phyg. She's mine : we are contracted. *Clean.* Joy wait on you, and make your lives of many years pass pleasant. Is it not ten ? Are all the Clocks grown envious against my bliss, and will not let me know how nigh his coming is ? For I esteem my self most happie in his companie.

Enter Carionil like himself.

Car. This is the Place *Anclithe* nam'd. *Phyg.* Madam ! He's here. *Clean.* Befriend me my good Stars !

Car. Here is a Ladie, and a matchless one, wou'd two years since I had beheld this Beautie : (when first it came from *Spain* and had my heart then) then many a sad day had been merrie to me, for unto her *Lucora* should have yielded. Sweet Ladie, you that are the fairest Creature Nature did ever form, Vouchsafe so much of happines unto me, as to give me libertie to touch your lips — *Kisses her.* Do you know me ? And have your ears ere heard so poor a name as is *Carionil* ? But I am much mistook ! you are not she whom here I was to meet : I needs must doubt, the Fates did not intend me such a joy. *Clean.* I am.

Car. Deceiv'd *Pythagoras* ! hadst thou but dream'd the sweetness of this voice, the Musick of the Spheres, thou never hadst recorded. Speak fairest, and best of Ladies, let

me hear if you have so unmatch'd a pitie in you as to look on me with a friendly eye. Can you love me?

Clean. Most noble Sir, I do most vehemently.

Car. If that to live with you detain'd me nor, I should be griev'd that my joy for so great a fortune, did not stupifie my senses. And cast me into an eternal sleep. Where is *Anclithe*? He is much to blame in not attending you.

Clean. Whom speak you of, dear Sir? *Car.* My Boy.

Clean. I do not know a Boy of that name truly: nor (I think) is there. *Car.* You do amaze me. *Clean.* You may beleieve (Sir) for I am he. *Car.* Wonders in Riddles!

Clean. I am your Page *Anclithe*, and Sister to *Lucora*, who for love attended you disguis'd, because (I found) for the great enmitie between our Families, my Father never would give me, where I would bestow my self.

Car. Your Nurse did steal you when you was a childe?

Clean. Most true: This Gentleman her Son, my Friend, occasioned my escape, by giving me a knowledg of my birth. His true relation can vindicate me from suspicion.

Car. I need it not: were you not she (as I beleieve you are) and mean of birth, I should account my self a gainer by you. Sir, you have done that hath plac'd you in my heart among those Friends, for whose sakes I my life will sacrifice.

Phyg. My Lord, you do indebt me to your service: in your acquaintance I shall be most honour'd.

Clean. Sir, if you please he will relate my storie.

Car. By no means: keep it for your Father, when you do disclose your self. But can you pardon those incivilities I did commit when you was *Anclithe*?

Clean. Wrong not your self: you did make more of me than I deserv'd or could.

Car. But why (my sweet *Cleanthe*) would you not let me know who you was before?

Clean. Dear Sir, I saw how violent you was in your affection to my careless Sister, and had no hope you would leave her for me: and (if you did obtain her) meant to do what my disastrous Fate should prompt me to.

Car. Sweetest of all your Sex! *Clean.* But (if you never got her, and o'tecame her obstinacie) to declare my self, if not (but love had triumph'd in your fall) I'd not have liv'd to see your Funeral.

Car. The gods requite

quite this goodness, and make me worthie of you, my dear *Cleanthe*. I contract my self upon your lips; which we will perfect ere you own publickly your Father.

Clean. I pray you, let us. *Car.* A thousand thanks. Come, shall we walk (fair Mistis?)

Clean. Conclusions fair the Fates to them do give
Who constant in their loves and faithfull live.

Enter Falornus.

Car. Stay, dear *Cleanthe*: Here is my Friend. He shall partake my joy. Well met, my best *Falornus*.

Fal. It seems you are not *Tucapelo* now. Where is *Lucora*? Have you married her? *Car.* No: I have not, Friend.

Fal. Refrain: I am your Enemy, embrace me not; receive my Sword, and pierce this heart, (*Carionil.*) *Gives his Sword.*

Car. He hath not yet descri'de you: with-draw a little (dear Mistis) Sir, I pray you to bear her companie: for who can tell what in this Phrensie he may do. — *Exeunt Clean, Phy.* *Clean.* Hereabouts we will await your leisure.

Car. What ails my Friend? Let me but know the man is cause of this disorder in you, and he shall not see the grey-ey'd morning break from th' Oriental Mountains any more. Let me partake of that unweldie grief, hath bow'd my Friend so much beneath himself.

Fal. Leave Complements, *Carionil*, and make a passage for my soul, that it may leave so vile a habitation as this bodie: and (when I'm dead) rip out my heart, and in't survey my fault: for I want words, and have not impudence enough to tell it you.

Car. O, what might be the cause this matchless Frame, and worthiest Cabiner that ever man inclos'd his secrets in, is so disturb'd! Noble *Falornus*, think to whom you speak: it is *Carionil*, whose life you do make burdenous to him, by the suspicion of wronging him whom you have ever lov'd.

Fal. You do deceive your self; I lately have transgress'd against our League of Amicitie. If you desire to be a hippie man, and to enjoy what most you seek, be kinde unto your self, and run my bodie through.

Car. Can I be happy and *Falornus* dead? No: I should live a desolate life than e're the strictest *Anchorite* hath done, and wear my bodie

to an Anatomie for real sorrow at such a dire mishap. Live then (my Friend) and may you number daies, untill Arithmetick grow faint, and leave you.

Fal. You know not how much hurt you wish your self. Would you torment me twice? If not, forget *Falorus* utterly, and let me die.

Car. I understand you not.

Fal. Would you have me blast mine own Fame, by speaking my Fault? And have me Executioner unto my self?

Car. Release your soul of all her griefs, and say from whence your sorrows have original. Have you not oft told me of my impatiencie? Give me now leave to be as plain with you. The angrie Windes never enrag'd the Seas so much as some small grief hath done my Friend. I do conjure you by our former loves (for sure not long since we were Friends indeed) to let me know why you are thus dilttemper'd? I do not fear, but I shall free you from this passion so precipitate and dangerous.

Fal. You are most good, and yet your self *Carionil*, a Name above the ablest Character, none (like it) can decypher you; and would I alwaies had continued *Falorus*, then I had yet remain'd your Friend. But (if you needs will know the reason of my furie) draw out your Sword, that (when you have receiv'd it) your hand, and not your words may strike me dead.

Car. Be not importun'd longer: ease your heart, for (credit me) I grieve to see you thus.

Fal. I am in love: suppose the rest, and kill me.

Car. With *Lucora*?

Fal. Too true: now curse me into dust, and with your breath disperse me in the air: but spare me, chide me not for my falshood and inflict but one punishment on me, and be that the Sword. Yet hear me one word or two before: I have not woo'd her, nor have sought performance of that free promise which her Father made me, but faithfully have temporiz'd with him: nor did I willingly consent unto this passion; it did seize me violently.

Car. Be you more calm: Take her (*Falorus*) you have a libertie for me. I speak in earnest.

Fal. Then all is well. Return my Sword (dear Friend) *Carionil* I will not hinder thee. — Gives him his Sword. my name shall not be blasted in thy sighs. Fall worthless man, 'tis pitié I should live. — Offers to kill himself.

Car.

Car. What mean you (my *Falorus*) for Heavens sake leave, and your own light rashly extinguish not. I for *Lucora* do not care, and have all my affection unto her recall'd, and am engaged unto another Ladie. I stole her from her Chamber in my Disguise: and then (bethinking me how she had us'd me) I told her that I would not have a Ladie who would prefer a Moor before me: her slighting of me made me to leave her so. *Fal.* Is this not policie to delay my death? *Car.* If e're you found me false, beleeve me not.

Fal. It then is true. *Car.* Most true, *Falorus*.

Fal. Licence me (Friend) now to embrace you: well met (*Carionil*) and welcomer indeed than ever yet man was unto me: I will live, and ow my life unto you, and (when you please) I for your sake will lay it down. Freely I may *Lucora* now adore: and (rather than to lose her) I will trie all waies that are contain'd in policie. *Car.* But, say she never will consent?

Fal. I am most confident she will to please her Father. But (if she should not) I could suffer it: 'twas not my love made me thus passionate, it was because in it I wronged you.

Car. Did you not mark (when you did see me first) a joy unusual sit upon my brow?

Fal. I had so much sorrow in my heart, that with it all my senses were posslett.

Car. But you perceiv'd I had left my Disguise, What out of it did you collect?

Fal. I thought *Lucora* had desert'd you, and you had a peremptorie denial to your sute.

Enter Cleanthe, and Phygias.

Clean. Sir, seeing you had made a fair Conclusion, and measuring each minute for an hour untill I were with you, I rudely come uncall'd for to you.

Car. Ever most welcome my *Cleanthe*: Friend, this is the Ladie I did mention to you. She was *Anclithe*, but is Sister to the Mistress of your thoughts, and call'd *Cleanthe*, whom long since all her Friends beleeved lost, and have these many years left mourning for.

Fal. I am amaz'd. *Car.* Some other time command the historie: this mutually among our selves we'll spend.

Fal. Ladie account me Servant to your virtues: and you (Sir) may command *Falorus* alwaies.

Phy. You love will honour me (most noble Lord.)

Clean. Sir, I for you will intercession make

The obstinate Lady.

unto my Sister, and do hope shall prosper. I will make known how much you are her Servant, and what affection mine ears have witnessed, (for I (unseen to you) did hear what pass'd.) *Fal.* You will oblige everlastingly.

Car. Now let us walk.

Fal. Whosoever loyal friendship doth regard,
With fair events the gods will him reward. *Ex. Omnes.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Jaques solus.

Jaq. I have a Licence here for my Ladie, and the brave Gallant Mr. *Lorece*; but it cost too much money a conscience. I would a writ five times as much for half I gave for it. But 'tis the fashion among great ones: so they have their wills, they care not at how dear a rate they buy 'hem. This Marriage is like *Christmaß*, when it comes it brings good cheer with't: we have fat Venison hold bellie hold; and Wine; I am sure we shall want no Wine; for the Vintner had twentie pounds on me this morning. I have bespoke a merrie Companie of Fidlers; O they are boon Fellows! and there will be old dancing; for I mean to sweat my Doublet quite through ere I leave.

Enter Lorece and Vandona.

Madam, here's the Licence that your Worships sent me for. The Parson and this will make all sure. *Lor.* 'Tis well done (*Jaques*) for this, be thou the *Neptune* of the Sellar; Raise a Tempest, and drown whosoever doth go down the Stairs. Like old *Silenus* behave thy self.

Van. When we have din'd, let's go to my Lord *Polidacres*, and invite that House. *Lor.* We will (my dear Widow.) *Jaq.* 'Twill be a merrie time, I see. *Ex. om.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Polidacre, Lucora, Antiphila, and Nentis.

Antiph. I wonder we have not seen the *Ethiopian* Lord to day. *Pol.* He'll not be absent long. *Lucora*, thou hast my heart for thy consent: *Falornus* is a worthie Gentleman, and one of an approved fashion: he doth deserve a Princess:

Princess: my *Lucora*, I know his nature is most noble, else I would not move thee for him: and (although the time is not expired) will you steal so much from Age, and be his Wife? I long to see thee well bestow'd. *Luc.* What e're you please t' command, I will perform. *Enter Falorus.*

Pol. Here is *Falorus*! Welcome my Lord, I shall shortly say my Son; my Daughter I have won, and when I please, unto you she will give away her self. *Fal.* You are most noble! But can you (fairest Ladie) look so low as is *Falorus*? Can there be such a virtue of rare humilitie within you, that you thus conser affection upon me?

Luc. My Lord, my Father desires to make me yours, and I have learn'd so much obedience, as willingly to do what he enjoins me. *Fal.* I wish I could (most excellent *Lucora*) thank you in all the Languages, are worth your dear attention: you have made me so exceeding happie, I envie not his wealth that owns th' inexhaustible Mines of fam'd *Pernu*.

Luc. I thank you for this love, and have a hope (if it within my power lies) I shall requite you, Sir, ——— How highly I dissemble! *Aside.*

Fal. My joy hath dull'd my Senses.

Enter Lorece, Vandona, and Jaques.

Lor. Now Brother! Have I not ended happily? *Vandona* is mine own, we onely want the Ceremonie Ecclesiastical. My Lord, I am your Servant. *Fal.* I have a Mittris got the richest Beautie *Great-Brittain* ever was renowned for.

Lor. Much, very much, i'faith. Have you won her for whom hopefull *Carionil* did die?

Fal. I won her not (*Lorece*) her Fathers desire meeting with her consent have made her mine. *Van.* Sitter, you have been a stranger to me, I pray you be not so.

Nent. You shall see me oftner. *Lor.* Thou maist be *Mercury*, and I will glorie thou art my Brother!

Van. Madam, I'm very glad to meet you here.

Antiph. And I as joyfull of your companie.

Enter Carionil, Cleamthe, and Phyginois.

Lor. Wonders! *Carionil*'s alive again and here.

Pol. For some strange end he did give forth his death. But what young beauteous Ladie's that? *Luc.* I never saw her before: it is a face worthie of admiration, — *She kneels.*

Pol.

Pol. Rise (Ladie,) kneel not unto me.

Clean. Then I were most unfit to be your Childe.

Pol. How! my Daughter that was lost?

Clean. Yes (my Lord) and beg your blessing.

Pol. May the good Heavens make of thee (my Daughter) if you be she, an old and happie Woman.

Lac. I am a Sister to you: spare some time for me to shew, how much I do rejoyce at this unlook'd for good: none of your kin (saie Sister) are more glad than I to see you, whom we had never hope to see: I am most proud to be so near-alli'd unto so excellent a Creature as you are.

Clean. I am most joyfull of your love.

Antiph. We are most glad to see you safe.

Van. As if you were our Sister.

Clean. My thanks

(sweet Ladies.)

Pol. Dearest *Cleanthe*, confirm thy

Father in his joy: relate thy life that out of it I may grow confident, thou art my Daughter.

Phy. Ladie,

leave that to me: my Lord, (and if you with her silence can so long dispense) I would do that.

Clean. He is

my Nurses Son, to whom (my Lord) I ow all thanks for my escape.

Pol. Sir, when you please, you may begin.

Nent. What not a Gentleman! I am undone.

But must be secret in't.

Aside.

Phyg. My Lord; This Ladies Nurse my Mother had a Son older than the Ladie *Cleanthe* is seven years, whom she did love so extraordinarily, that for his sake she foully err'd from virtue: she thought it was an easie thing for her (if that their lives attained to those years) to make your Daughrer Wife unto her Son, which was the cause she privily escap'd.

Pol. Most strange!

Phyg. By chance

I heard this of my Brother, who told me (against my Mothers strict command) what a great Marriage he should have, and that *Cleanthe* was the Daughter of a Lord; your Honours Childe; whom all we thought but of a mean Descent; (for she had won the Countrey to beleieve that she did finde her in the open field.) I pitying her hard chance did tell her all, and promis'd her I would attend upon her untill she had her Parents happie march with knowledg of her safetie.

Clean. The rest I must re-

late. Dear Sir, be kinde, and (if I have done ought you shall

shall dislike) pardon my first offence. I was no sooner come to Town, but saw this noble Gentleman, with whom so violently I fell in love, that for his sake (I pray pardon me) mine own Apparel I did lay away, and did become his Page: and (when I did disclose my self) he kindly did require me: In brief, we are contracted, I did not well without you to do thus: but your forgiveness (Sir) I cannot doubt. He told me that there was a difference between our Families; and therefore you (if your consent were ask'd) would never yeeld. *Jag.* Would I were I'th' Sellar; I care not for these drie and tedious Tales.

Pol. Whether I should or no, I cannot tell: but I am glad now it hath chanced thus. This Match an ancient Discord will conclude, and may the gods be favourable to it. *Car.* Most worthie Lord, my faithfull thanks.

Phy. Here also is a Ring, which by your Father (my Lord *Salorus*) was given her, when at the Font he for her answered; she wore't about her neck, when she was stolen.

Pol. I know it well, and now am confident, thou art my lost *Cleante*: Be his Wife, and may the Heavens make up the Match, most fortunate *Carionil*, I now am glad I have a man so honour'd to my Son in Law. *Car.* My Lord,

(if that I can perform my will) you never shall repent your Daughters choice. *Pol.* I do not doubt I shall.

Now I would know why your death was reported?

Car. I was in love long with your eldest Daughter, the fair *Lucora*, but could never win her; brought almost to despair, I did assume the habit, and the colour of a *Negro*. *Pol.* Then you was *Tucapelo*. *Car.* I was indeed: knowing she had refus'd the greatest Marriages, and many of the handsomest of the Kingdom, I fully did believe she never would like any man of this Complexion;

and therefore feign'd my self an *Ethiopian*. But first gave out my death, and that unto my self I had done violence for her. *Luc.* Surely, he will not do so unworthily as to make mention of my fond affection. *Aside.*

Car. But all could not prevail.

Luc. I'm glad he ends so. *Aside.*

Car. And therefore I desisted wholly: which, when *Anaclethe* saw, (my sweet *Cleante* now) she did disclose her

her self. *Pol.* I do perceive the Heavens intended, you should reconcile our Families. *Jaq.* Here's love, and love agen: I wou'd some bodie would love me!

Luc. My dear Sister, you must not think me rude, because I do expres my joy so fully. *Fal.* Be my *Carionil*. All that are mine respect this Ladie; for I intend to make her mine. *Car.* We are her Servants, and most joyfully shall kneel unto a Ladie of her virtues.

Enter Phylander and Rosinda.

Fal. What Ladie's that? *Car.* She's mask'd, and I cannot ghes.

Pol. *Phylander*, this Ladie is thy Sister, the lost *Cleanthe*.

Phyl. Grow not too weak my bodie to contain my soul within thee at these joies. Fair Sister, I am glad that I can name so beauteous a Ladie as you are so. For you the Heavens be thanked. *Pol.* *Carionil's* alive, and must be stil'd your Brother, *Cleanthe* him hath chose: Perfect thy joies (*Phylander*) when thou wilt, and hear their histories. This Ladie you must call Mother.

Phyl. But I shall not. *Pol.* How! *Phyl.* This here I will. Dear Mother now confirm my words. *Unmasks.*

Pol. Welcome to life *Rosinda*: thy face and beautie I do remember well: but wherefore did you raise the report of your untimely death? *Ros.* That at a fitter time. This give me leave to spend in joy. My dear *Cleanthe*, (for I do beleieve because thy Father doth acknowledg thee) Thou art *Cleanthe* my so long lost Daughter) never was Mothers heart so light: I cannot utter my joies, my tears must winefess them. To time I am indebted, that he hath spared my life untill I saw thee safe.

Clean. I want expression: but my life shall be a Comment on my Heart, wherein you shall perceive what your *Cleanthe* is.

Phyl. Now you are mine, (fair *Antiphila*.)

Antiph. I will perform my promise. *Phyl.* Both your consents I beg. *Pol.* How's this! *Antiph.* I did engage my self, that (if I were not yours) I would be his.

Pol. Then may the knot prove happie, and continue a firm one, while the gods do lend you breath.

Phyl. It is my wish. *Pol.* Was you her Servant too? Wife chide me in secret: I was forsworn.

Ros. We all are frail, Mortalitie may boast of strength, but many Con-

Conclusions denie it. *Nent.* Away! I will have none of you: I will not beg. *Pol.* You shall not need: I (for his love, and care unto my Daughter) will give him means befitting a Gentleman, which shall descend unto his Posteritie; Povertie shall not spoil his fortune.

Antiph. 'Tis nobly said. If you do like him, take him, Sister. *Nent.* Now I'm content. *Phyg.* My joy is

great! my thanks (sweet Mist'ris.) My Lord *Polidacre*, I am your gratefull, though unworthiest Servant. Now Mist'ris you shall know the policie I won your affections with: my affections being settled so high, and I poor, I made my self *Draculemion*. But your promise worthiest Lord hath now enrich'd me. *Jaq.* O me! was you that merry Fellow? You have a parlous wit. *Phyg.* One thing I must crave of you. *Pol.* You shall obtain, Sir. *Phy.* That you will pardon my Mother. *Pol.* I do for your sake. *Luc.* Since I perceive you in the bounteous way of granting Boons, Sir, I assume the boldness to become a Petitioner to you.

Pol. My dear *Lucora*, freely ask; for I doubtlessly shall consent to thy demand. *Luc.* Seeing the gracious Heavens have bleis'd our House with the recoverie of my long lost Sister; and since the Powers divine have link'd her heart to the affections of a noble Gentleman; a Marriage like to grace your honour'd age with hopefull Nephews; I humbly crave your licence to enjoy the freedom of a single life; for I've no inclination to become a Subject unto *Hymen's* glorious bondage.

Pol. Remember (my *Lucora*) all your promises, and suffer not your obstinacie to cloud the happiness of this Evening. *Fal.* My excellent Mist'ris, you have rais'd me near the Zenith of all happiness, and will you now leave me on that mightie Precipice, to fall into a sad abyss of miserie?

Clean. My dear sweet Sister, give me leave to trouble you with a few words aside — I saw the Lord *Falrus* for your sake (between a great affection, and firm friendship) in as high passion as you can imagine, a noble and a faithfull Lover to you. He in his Soul adores you, I am confident: and (I'm oblig'd by promise to become his Intercessour for your kinde affection) I do beseech you therefore grace your Sister, (though bold being younger to importune you thus) to ho-

hour the Lord *Falornus* with your love. *Luc.* I dare not (my fair Sister) be so cruel as to deny you in your first request, I'll entertain his flame, and be his Bride. I will be plain with you; had you been silent in a Ship bound for *Spain*, I had gone to night with some Ladies of our near kindred towards *Lisbon*, and so avoided the Courtship of *Falornus*. And all my Father's continual importunities to make this escape more unexpected, and the better to provide me for this journey, I had consented when my Father pleas'd to marrie him; but your intreaties have prevail'd above all my Resolutions.

Fal. Dear Madam, let me beseech your assistance.

Ros. My Lord, I will desire her, and am confident I shall obtain. I pray thee my *Lucora* submit to the entreaties of thy Friends, and let not thy Refusal of *Falornus* beget a sad look on this happie Evening.

Luc. Madam, you and my Sister shall o'recome, and though (my Lord *Falornus*) you may tax me for an obstinate disposition, you shall finde me (throughout my future daies) to make amends, and prove a very loving Wife unto you.

Fal. Now you have fix'd me in a fortunate and glorious life.

Madam *Rosinda*, I thank you.

Come my dear *Lucora*, Let us bid our Friends good night, with as short a Complement as may be, (for I'm in haste) that so we may congratulate each others happiness in a place more convenient.

Jag. Ile follow you, Ile warrant you,
Into the Cellar ——— But stay: O!
I had almost forgot ———

*Thus have you seen by patience great
Ten may o'recome a Lady Obstinate.*

FINIS.

